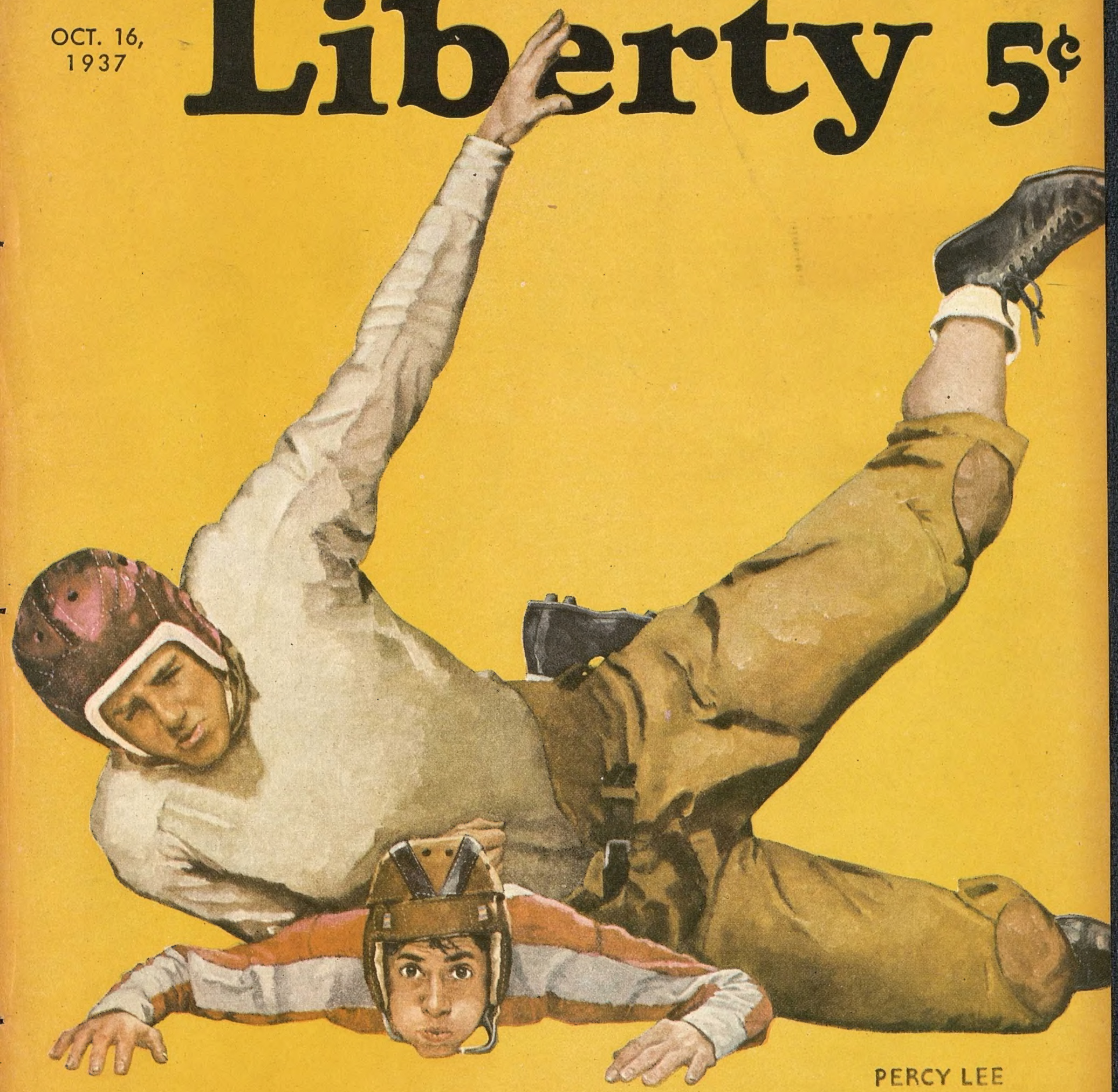
HOW TO WATCH A WORLD SERIES BALL GAME by Joe DiMaggio

OCT. 16, 1937

Liberty 5¢

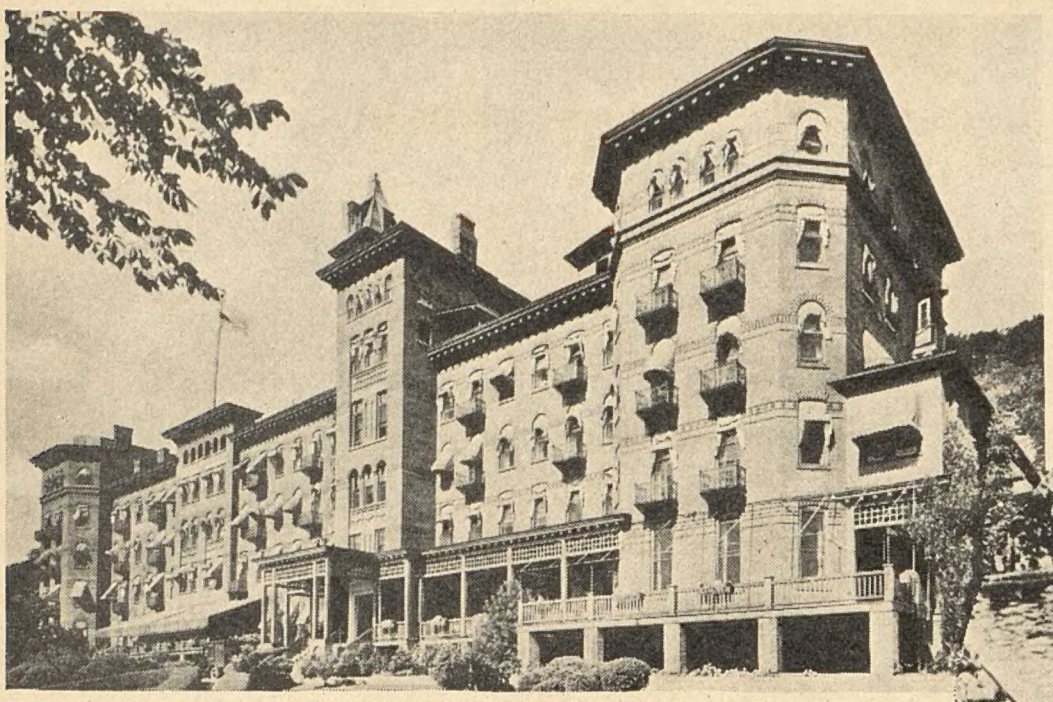


PERCY LEE

WHY I AM UNALTERABLY OPPOSED TO THE SIT-DOWN STRIKE

by WILLIAM GREEN, President of the American Federation of Labor

PHYSICAL CULTURE RESORT



Founded by Bernarr Macfadden

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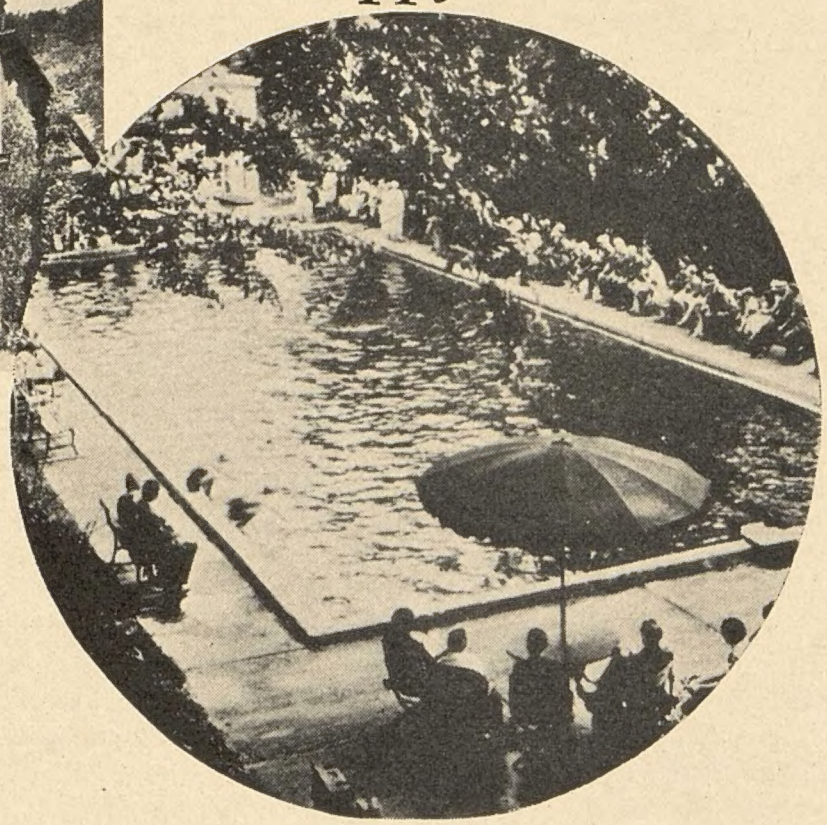

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DANSVILLE NEW YORK

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OCTOBER 16, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 42

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

Democracy is Doomed Says Dr. Goebbels

WILL the evils that are gradually creeping into our democracy lead to its final destruction? That possibility deserves careful consideration.

The road to freedom has always been a bloody one. Sacrifices that sear the human soul are usually required. And liberty thus gained . . . to be retained . . . must be carefully guarded. The struggle to attain freedom is only the beginning of a fight that must be continuous.

The German propaganda minister Josef Goebbels is a bitter enemy of democracy. His strictures are severe, denunciatory, but they are worthy of some attention.

Dr. Goebbels refers to the powerless governments of democracy . . . to their inability to act promptly when facing serious emergencies. He refers to such governments as waiting on events and realizing a catastrophe only when it is too late.

We are inclined to be caustically critical of the German dictatorship, but the nations of Europe must be prepared to meet the grim emergencies with which they are continuously threatened. It is really questionable if a democracy could exist in that whirlpool of hate and horror.

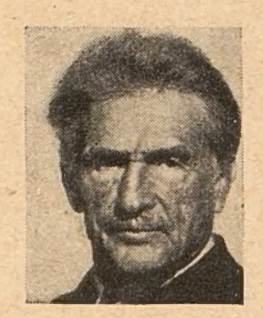
Germany is preparing for the coming conflict, and although we may be carpingly critical of the activities encouraged by that government, doubtless they represent practical, constructive efforts to build up a mighty race of fighting men.

Adolf Hitler recently laid the cornerstone of a gigantic sports stadium that will seat one quarter of a million spectators. Sports in Germany are not only encouraged, they are to a large extent compulsory. A race of powerful men and strong women is apparently their goal.

Japan recently set aside one million and a quarter dollars as a contribution to the expense of the next Olympic Games, scheduled to be held there.

In contrast to this we find our own government giving billions for relief but not one cent for similar efforts to build a race necessary to maintain the vigor and vitality so badly needed to defend our democracy which has made for us such an amazing record.

Real democracy is indeed a divine privilege. For several generations there has been no sacrifice worth mentioning on our part to preserve the glorious benefits of freedom.



BERNARR MACFADDEN

In former years we were looked upon with scant respect by Europeans because of what they considered our overappreciation of the Almighty Dollar, and we will have to admit that the desire for gain has been the main incentive which has promoted and developed our country. But financial forces can become a dominating dictator. Commercial aims and ambitions are sometimes destructive; they often sap the vitality of a race; they can take all the enthusiasm and fight out of a people; and although such destructive financial powers may thrive for a time, even they ultimately destroy the source of their prosperity. With racial disintegration their business interests gradually dissipate and, as Dr. Goebbels states, they only realize the catastrophe when it is too late.

Is it possible for us to recognize the evils that are gradually destroying us? Can we ultimately appreciate the importance of building a mighty race to perpetuate and protect our democratic ideals? Graft and greed have become a mighty force in certain phases of our lives, and unless the dangers with which they are associated are recognized and destroyed, our weaknesses will be plainly evident, and the wealth that we have acquired —far beyond the dreams of the most fanciful imagination—will become a tempting prize to war-mad nations.

Nations that glorify war recognize no moral law. Italy took over Ethiopia, and Japan expects to absorb China.

Force is the only factor recognized by such people, and with our present attitude toward the physical needs of our citizens, we will doubtless be as glaringly deficient when there is need for fighting men as we were during the World War, at which time the appalling record of the defects of our young men was such a shameful disgrace that it can never be effaced from our memory.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Why I am UNALTERABLY

AN INTRODUCTION TO WILLIAM GREEN'S NOTABLE ARTICLE, BY EDWARD DOHERTY

WHO speaks for American labor? John L. Lewis of the leonine mane, the shaggy eyebrows, and the thundering voice? Or the mild, gray-haired, self-effacing William Green? The C. I. O. or the A. F. of L.?

Lewis says he talks for more than 3,000,000 workers. Green believes that more than 3,000,000 workers speak through him. Lewis advocates force, the sit-down strike, mass picketing. Green abhors the sit-down strike, deprecates violence, uses diplomacy. He stands for concord, not conflict. Such, at any rate, is my personal feeling about the two men and the contrast between them.

The voice of Lewis may be loud. But Green, it seems to me, has but to whisper to be heard. Especially in official Washington have I found this true. There is a rising tide of Green sentiment in the capital. The battle between President Roosevelt and antagonistic members of the Senate is responsible for it. The President had suffered a defeat over the Supreme Court bill. He was calling his enemies reactionaries and economic royalists. They were dubbing him Fascist and dictator. He believed it good strategy to hurl some social legislation at them. If they voted against it, he could prove his charges. If they voted for it, he would regain prestige.

The senators decided—as I see it—that Green represented American labor more truly than Lewis. Sixteen of them called him up in one day, asking in effect what would happen to them in the next election if they took a stand against the President's measures. In the days that followed, more than a hundred congressmen called up or came to see him.

Then President Roosevelt invited him to the White House for a talk. Washington dispatches told of the interview. It went something like this:

"Bill, I'm asking your help on the wages and hours bill."

"I'm against it as it is now, Mr. President."

"I'm not wholly in favor of it myself in its present condition. But it can be amended in the House. It mustn't be recommitted in the Senate. That would kill it. It would never get into the House."

"I understand, Mr. President. I'll do all I can for you, on the understanding that if the bill isn't revised in the House so the Federation can freely endorse it, I will be at liberty to fight it."

"Fine! I knew I could count on you, Bill."

Inside the hour the bill was out of committee and on its way to the House. There Green steered it into the Labor Committee, and then into the Rules Committee.

And at this point Lewis appeared on the scene, for the first time, demanding action.

A number of congressmen believed Lewis wanted to capture the South with the wages and hours bill, as he had attempted to win the North with the Wagner act. They pulled a sort of sit-down strike of their own. The bill remained in committee until the session's end.

It will be brought up again when Congress reconvenes. Its fate depends, many congressmen and senators tell me, on whether Lewis or Green stands sponsor for it.

Mr. Green was born in Coshocton, Ohio, a little more than sixty-four years ago. He was the son of a miner. He worked in the mines for more than twenty years. He worked all day and sometimes all night. He saw friends killed because there were no safety appliances; saw them die in agony because there were no doctors, no hospitals. He saw families left destitute because there was no workmen's compensation law.

Because he advocated remedies, the miners made him their local union leader, later subdistrict leader, then state leader. A great majority of voters sent him to the state Senate, where he served two terms.

In the Senate he drafted a compensation law that has been accepted as a model for other states, and had it passed. He forced industry to protect the workers in other ways. And he increased the pay of the miners to a material extent by making it unlawful for the operators to screen coal before it was weighed.

Most of his life Mr. Green has spent in helping the miners. In 1936 he pleaded with them not to leave the Federation. That was on February 3, when he was invited to speak at their convention in Washington. He knew hundreds of them by name, had been in their homes, regarded them as his friends. He begged them to stay in "the family," telling them that whatever they did, wherever they were, their interests were his, their problems were his, their welfare would mean much to him "until time shall be no more."

As soon as Green had finished, Lewis rose and said the delegates would give Mr. Green their answer. He called Green's talk an ultimatum. Green started to protest that he had delivered no ultimatum. Lewis called upon all who had changed their minds about leaving the Federation to stand up. Only two delegates rose to their feet.

Nothing in his life, I believe, ever hurt Green more.

William Green has been president of the American Federation of Labor since 1925.

He was drafted for the position after Samuel Gompers died. At that time he was fourth vice-president.

Gompers, at the convention in El Paso in 1924, a short time before he died, felt too feeble to deliver a speech he had prepared. He picked out Green to read it.

"That speech," Green says, "came right out of Gompers' heart. Some of the sentiments it expressed have guided me ever since.

"'Do not reject the cornerstone upon which Labor's structure has been builded. Base your all upon voluntary principles, and illumine your every problem by consecrated devotion to that highest of all purposes—human well-being in the fullest, widest, deepest sense. Let us keep the faith. There is no other way.' Gompers knew he was close to eternity when he wrote that speech.

"Well—we have kept the faith, and, so long as I am president of the American Federation of Labor, we shall continue to keep it. There really is no other way."

OPPOSED *to the Sit-down Strike*

An embattled leader speaks his mind in the most outspoken challenge yet heard in labor's sensational civil war

BY WILLIAM GREEN

PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE United Automobile Workers, at their recent convention in Milwaukee, endorsed the doctrine that the sit-down strike is "Labor's most effective weapon against the autocracy of industry."

This, to me, indicates a significant and alarming situation. The sit-down strike has been declared illegal by the courts. It has been condemned by public opinion. It connotes a desire to bargain by violence, to use force in the taking of public and private property, to take the law into one's own hands in defiance of the government and without regard to the rights of others.

Similar tactics were used by the I. W. W. organization some years ago—but the sit-down strike intensifies sabotage beyond the wildest dreams of the I. W. W.

The endorsement of this weapon places the spokesmen, and the organizations they represent, outside the pale of law and order. It shows a contempt of our courts and of all the agencies created by the Constitution of the United States to preserve human rights. It sabotages collective bargaining. It destroys all the effects of the Wagner Labor Relations Act. It hits democracy in a vital spot and prepares the way for the man on horseback.

If the ideas expressed in the Milwaukee convention were carried out on a national scale, if workers all over the country should seize and hold the property of industry, Fascism would be inevitable. History proves this. The workers of Italy seized the plants of their employers some years ago, and held them so desperately that the employers were helpless. They appealed to Mussolini.

Public opinion will not support the sit-down strike in this country. If any group of workmen attempt to impose it, the government of the United States, which represents public opinion, must take action, and the government is bound to win. The government cannot surrender to any element or any group. It must maintain its power, or it cannot remain the government.

Labor can never win when public opinion is against it.

As a result of sit-down strikes, and as a result of an unlawful march on the city of Lansing, and the turning off of an entire community's gas, light, and electric power, legislators in the State of Michigan, and in Congress, were in a mood to strait-jacket all labor unions, including legal, honest, law-abiding organizations that had taken no part in the seizure of property or in measures to harass or injure the general public.

Another issue that arose during the automobile workers' convention, which is also significant and alarming, was that of control. Should there be autonomy within the union, or should it be controlled from the top? Should the leaders be elected by the members and be responsible to them—or be appointed by John L. Lewis and the Committee for Industrial Organization?

One group was determined to center control in the officers, give them the sole power to determine the policies of the union. Another group would vest the power in the rank and file—as obtains in unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. This latter group believes, as I do, that there should be a vote of the members before any important action is taken. When the members vote, they vote for their own best interests. If a strike impends, those who will participate in the struggle must decide whether it is necessary or not.

In a union controlled from the top the members have nothing to say as to policy. They strike when they are told to strike. They go out on a sympathy strike when the order comes—no matter whether they are or are not in sympathy with the strike called by another union.

This issue, so far as I know, has not yet been settled by the automobile workers. But if it is settled as Lewis desires, the control of the union will be placed in the hands of one man. All other C. I. O. unions are one-man unions. And the one man is John L. Lewis.

Read some of the Lewis contracts and you cannot escape the conviction that he is making himself a labor dictator. For instance, a clause in his contract with the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers reads: "The organizing committee shall be composed of such persons as are named by the chairman of the Committee for Industrial Organization." This organization committee, incidentally, "shall have power to grant dispensation from the payment of initiation fees to all persons joining the Amalgamated Association during such times as seem advisable. Dues shall be fixed at $1 monthly per member, and dues and payments shall begin upon a date fixed by the committee. If deemed necessary by the committee, money collected as dues shall be used in the campaign."

All the members have to do is sign their names to the

contract and thereafter do what they are told to do. The organizing committee—or Lewis—will tell them what to do. Which is the antithesis of democracy.

Such C. I. O. contracts do not safeguard the rights of any of the members—only those of the leader.

During the past year we have seen sinister forces misleading labor elements in various communities, we have seen certain allied labor leaders affiliated with the Communist parties, we have seen contracts treated as "scraps of paper," we have seen bloodshed, we have seen labor organizations here and there degraded in public opinion.

What was the reason for all this? It was the utter and infamous disregard of responsibility and control on the part of those in charge.

The American Federation of Labor has openly condemned these destructive activities, has sought to arouse the American people to the dangers therein, has sought to remove the disease which is eating into the vitals of trade-unionism; and at the same time has fearlessly and openly resisted the imposition of additional legal restrictions on autonomous law-abiding organizations. We do not believe such organizations should be penalized or hampered because of the sins of irresponsible leaders whom they neither follow nor recognize. Thus far we have been successful in preventing the imposition of further restrictions.

During the proceedings at Milwaukee Mr. Lewis, and later the delegates to the conference, saw fit to enter into personalities and to call me a traitor. Mr. Lewis declared that while Governor Murphy of Michigan was trying to bring about an agreement in the General Motors strike I phoned the Governor and demanded he permit no agreement to be made between General Motors and the C. I. O.

The truth of the matter is this: While Governor Murphy was holding his conferences, it was reported that the United Automobile Workers Union wanted to be recognized as the sole bargaining agency for all employees in the General Motors plants. That report alarmed the representatives of various crafts unions in the General Motors organization, workmen who were not in sympathy with the Automobile Workers Union, with the C. I. O., nor with John L. Lewis.

These men—patternmakers, metal polishers, toolmakers, diesinkers, electricians, carpenters, blacksmiths, painters, upholsterers, and others—number many thousands. They were members of American Federation of Labor unions and had been working for General Motors under union contracts for a great many years. Their representatives filed protests with me. I wired Governor Murphy, and then called him by phone. I requested that in the negotiations being carried on the members of these crafts organizations be not disturbed in any negotiations with the C. I. O. I believed they had a right to bargain for their own interests and that this right should be protected.

If it be treason to carry on the consistent traditional policy of the American Federation of Labor, to keep faith with one's own, to safeguard the interests of unions loyal to the Federation, then indeed am I a traitor.

I shall not bandy words with Lewis, nor call him names. His record speaks for itself.

In 1922 his union, the United Mine Workers, was bankrupt. As treasurer, it was my duty to get money for it. I raised $150,000, on my personal unsecured note, after a fortunate introduction to a New York bank president.

A few years later Adolph Germer and John Brophy threatened to oust Lewis as president of the United Mine Workers. I was then president of the Federation. As such, I told the union I would never recognize any faction but that of the lawfully elected leader, John L. Lewis.

In 1927 thousands of soft-coal miners were in bitter want, and again the union was without funds. I called a conference in Pittsburgh, which was attended by delegates from one hundred and ten other unions. I made a plea to them. It had been a poor year, financially, for the trades-unions. But in spite of that they contributed clothing, food, and half a million dollars in cash to the miners. In 1928 the hard-coal miners were in need, and I raised $200,000 for them.

Was Lewis grateful? After the NRA, after he obtained the check-off system from the coal operators, after the money started rolling in—money deducted from the pay of the miners and sent to Lewis by the employers—Lewis planned to get control of the American Federation of Labor. Its executive council was enlarged from nine to fifteen members, and Lewis succeeded in having six new members appointed to that council. But he couldn't control the council. He couldn't control a majority of the six men he had placed there. That is why he broke away from the Federation and formed the C. I. O.

Lewis has failed time and again in his leadership of the miners. He has failed in his attack on steel. He has failed in his fight on the motor industry. Will he not also fail in his fight to organize all the newspapermen in the country?

He is attempting, with the help of a few irresponsible organizers, to whip all newspaper editorial workers into a biased organization. If he succeeds, he will have it in his power to destroy the freedom of the press.

The history of the American Federation of Labor on the freedom of the press is consistent and clear. We believe a militant press essential for the maintenance of a democratic form of government. We believe it must be preserved at any cost.

The first step toward dictatorship is the destruction of independent trade-unionism. Such destruction can be accomplished only by destroying the freedom of the press. Events in Germany, Italy, and Russia have proved that.

To such an extent does the Federation believe free expression of opinion essential to the protection of labor that it has fought for it even when such expression has been antilabor and violently prejudicial. We have several times refused to take action, such as a boycott, against newspapers inimical to us in their editorial and news columns—have even fought for the right of those papers to say whatever they wanted to say about us.

Federation unions having jurisdiction over those who gather and report the news have been so conducted as not to impair in the slightest degree the loyalty of newspapermen to their employers, nor to cause any one to color or distort the news in any way.

We have jealously guarded these men against any inconsistency in their positions. We will fight with all our strength the attempt to poison the minds and hearts of the men of the American press—to dupe them in the name of Labor—to destroy the relations which have existed for half a century between publishers and newspaper reporters affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

And I am sure another failure will be added to the long list of failures in the career of John L. Lewis.

THE END

A VICTORY WITHOUT A PARTY
Is It Possible?

Can Labor rule without running?

Will the dynamic John L. Lewis become the power behind the new President?

In a series of timely, eye-opening articles, Will Irwin, journalist and political commentator, reveals the strategy planned by Labor's Non-Partisan League, the C. I. O.'s political voice, to gain its ends in the coming elections. This same strategy enabled the Anti-Saloon League to put over national prohibition. It lies back of the C. I. O.'s present support of LaGuardia, a New Dealer, in New York, and its backing of a Republican candidate across the river in New Jersey.

Will it work in the Presidential election of 1940?

Read WILL LABOR SEIZE THE BALANCE OF POWER?

By Will Irwin

Beginning in next week's Liberty

Polly Picks Her Man

BY FANNIE KILBOURNE

From a gifted author: A heart-warming tale of youth and love and romance against odds

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

YOU would laugh at the idea of there being anything motherly about Polly Walters. She was just twenty-two and danced a scant slim five feet two in her super-sheer stockings; she wore smart though inexpensive clothes; she had a gay, impudent way with her. Nevertheless, there was something incongruously maternal in her charm, some secret treasure of warmth and inner security that answered the small-boy need lurking close beneath the cocky or supercilious surface of many a young man where you'd least expect it.

As a matter of fact, neither Polly Walters nor Richard Lent had really belonged at the Sunny Tees dance where they first met. Neither one of them came from a family in the country-club set. Polly Walters' father was not a member of Sunny Tees because he couldn't afford to be; Richard's uncle was a member because he couldn't afford not to be. Mr. Walters, a shy little man who wrote articles for encyclopedias and radical high-brow journals, lived in Pottersville because a cousin had died and left him a small house there. Mr. Walters never joined anything. Polly was at the dance because a girl she knew had brought her.

The Lents lived in Pottersville because it would have been unthinkable for them to have lived anywhere else. From the kilns of the Lent Potteries in the north end of town to the Mary Eliza Lent Memorial Library on the south, for three generations now the Lents had all but owned Pottersville. The Lents joined everything. They were expected to support every worthy community enterprise. Richard was at the Thanksgiving dance because his uncle thought it fitting that the family should be represented at Sunny Tees in person at least once each season.

When Polly Walters smiled at Richard, she hadn't known who he was. And not knowing, she had seen him for what he was in reality. Just a stranger, not wholly at home at the Sunny Tees dance. A shy, rather lonely, essentially nice young man. As she danced past with Bill Wilson she smiled at Richard, just as she would have smiled at any other pleasant, lonely-looking young man who might have been standing there. Her warm, reassuring, welcoming smile. Richard cut in.

They danced a minute or two in silence, and then Polly glanced up.

"I don't believe I ever saw you before," she said. "Do you live here in Pottersville?"

"I've lived here all my life," Richard answered. "But I've been away a lot—school, college, and so on. I don't get out to Sunny Tees often."

"I don't either," Polly confessed cheerfully. "This is one of my big nights."

They executed an intricate tango step and it went well. They smiled at each other in spontaneous surprise.

"Why, we're good!" Richard exclaimed.

"We're stupendous!" Polly agreed.

"I don't believe I ever saw you before," she said. "Do you live here?"

"Let's try it once more, and do the double-Martini grapevine."

They danced twice past the end of the room where all the stags were gathered without any one cutting in. The half dozen she knew best caught her eye and smiled. There was something odd about their smiles, a kind of mischievous congratulation.

But Polly did not read these smiles aright and, supper just being served, she went down to the lounge with her new partner and ate and drank and laughed and talked about life before the fire. And never dreamed that she was, to all Pottersville extent and purposes, supping with royalty.

The girl who had brought her to the dance was waiting for her in the dressing room when she came in to get her cloak.

"I've just found," Polly announced cheerfully, "a perfectly swell new man. I always do fall for that quiet type. Quiet, you know, but gives you the feeling somehow that there's something behind the façade."

Martha laughed.

"I'll say there's something behind it," she said. "Considerable." She looked at Polly in sudden incredulous suspicion. "You know who he is, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Polly. "I don't know his name, but it's some old Pottersville family. Hedley Prep and Boston Tech. He's got a marvelous job at the Lent Potteries now, but he's not so keen about it."

("I hate it," Richard had told her. "No chance to use your head. I'm scared to death of turning into just one more stuffed shirt.")

Martha grabbed Polly by the shoulders.

"A job at the Lent Potteries!" she mocked scornfully. "Wake up, you poor drip. *That was Richard Lent!*"

Polly sat down on a slipper stool as though she had been struck at the back of the knees.

"Richard Lent!" she repeated in a tone of stunned horror. "And I've invited him to come along with us and have hot dogs and coffee at Beansy's Wagon!"

Then she laughed, with a faintly hysterical note of bravado.

"Oh, well," she said, "I suppose hot dogs when you're hungry taste just the same to a Lent as they do to anybody else."

She wasn't quite sure of this, though, as she was saying it. As she came out of the dressing room to find Richard waiting for her, he even looked different than he had in the lounge—taller, more authoritative. When he smiled at her and crossed quickly to tuck her hand under his arm, a little shiver that was sheer flattery swept over her like an electric charge.

"Shall we keep the car?" he asked. "Or can somebody drop me?"

POLLY had a quick vision of the Lent cars, their wooden-faced chauffeurs in impeccably tailored uniforms.

"Why—we were all going together in Bill Wilson's boat," she said. "We can come back your way just as well as not." The homely phrases sounded strange and oddly unfitting in her own ears. But Richard did not seem to find them so.

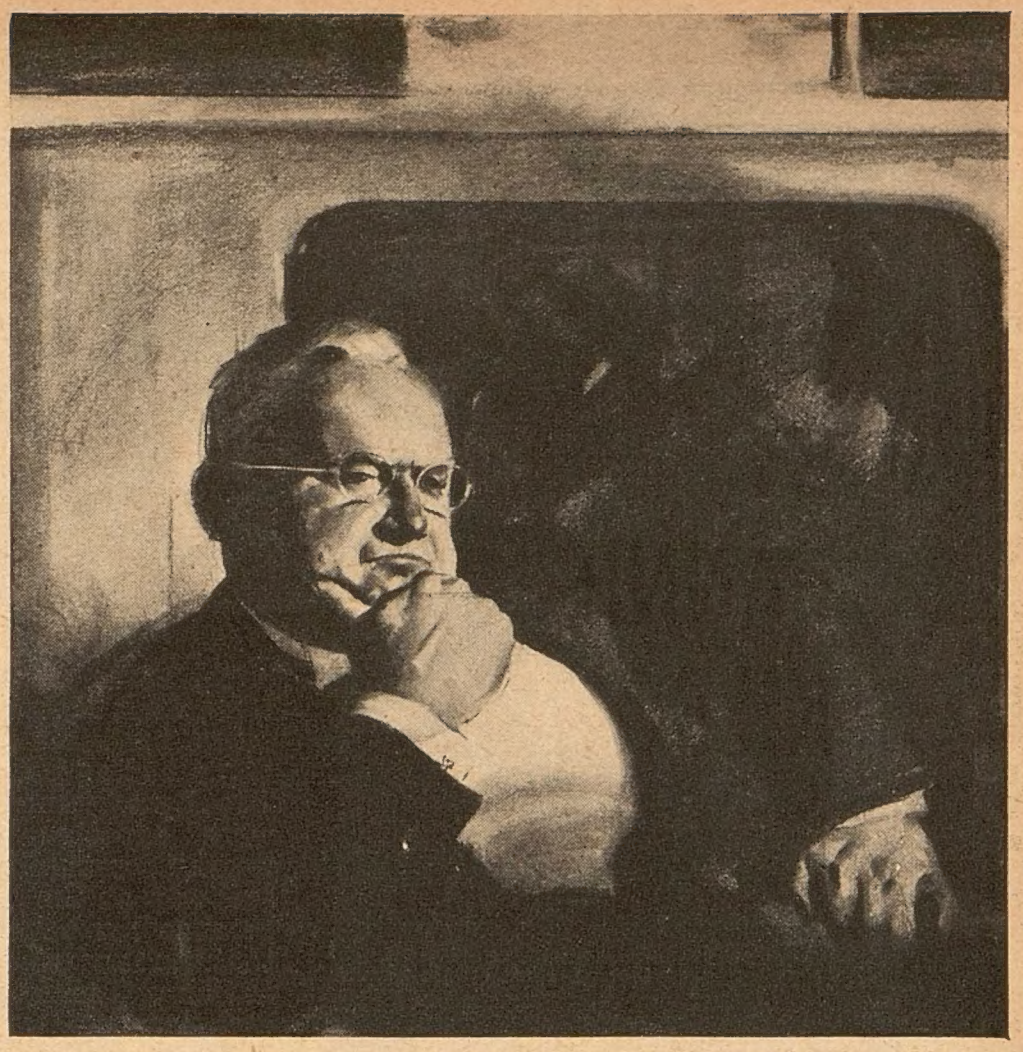
"Good!" he said. "When do we start? I'm starved. Aren't you?"

Polly looked up to nod. There was no mistaking the eagerness in Richard's eyes. She smiled straight into them. And felt a self that she had never known she had quicken shockingly within her. A self, old as profit and prestige, that could look at Richard with flattered vanity and startled, sudden-born ambition; that could entertain, half scared at the mere thought, a flashing surmise of what it would be like to be a Mrs. Lent of Pottersville.

But there was another self than this in Polly's smile. A self more ancient still, and simpler—that had sat with Richard before the fire, and known that hunger or loneliness is just the same for one man as another.

Both of these selves smiled up at Richard Lent.

That was six weeks ago. Sitting in the library at Lent House, the January snow blowing against the leaded windows, hearing John Keith Lent, cold, logical, implacable—"We are all wasting our time discussing it. Such



"I have nothing against Miss Walters personally," he was saying. "She is pretty, and an excellent dancing teacher."

a marriage is impossible"—it might seem to Polly now that she should have foreseen all along the blank end of the road toward which they had traveled so blithely and so fast.

"I wish you weren't so rich and important," she had said impulsively ten days after the dance. "Or, at any rate"—with painstaking effort to be honest—"I half wish it."

"I'm not rich or important," Richard had answered impatiently. "All I've got that really belongs to me is a few thousand dollars my mother left me. And as for important—well," he said with an odd little flash of pride, "I did have one job offered me just on my record at Tech. I know that was straight, because they even spelled my name wrong. They weren't counting on my bringing any Lent backing along with me.

"Oh, I suppose I'll have a whale of a lot of money sometime," he admitted. "A good part of the main Lent fortune; all of it, in fact, except a tenth or so that my cousins will get. And maybe sometime, when I'm tottering around on crutches and putting my false teeth in a glass at night, I'll have something really to say about the way the Potteries are run. But in the meantime don't let that 'Vice-President' gilded on my office door fool you any. I say what my uncle and the minor stockholders—all Lents, or Lents' husbands too, of course—want said. I'm about as important as a ventriloquist's dummy. It's funny, Polly—but, you know, I honestly feel as though only two real things have happened to me since my mother died when I was twelve. That job I didn't take—and you."

If John Keith Lent hadn't been away for those six weeks trying to bake out a nasty sinus infection in the Florida sunshine, things might, of course, not have moved so fast for Richard and Polly, nor with such deceptive ease. From the Lent side of the picture, that is. As far as Polly's family and friends were concerned, it would have made no difference.

Polly's father was all the family she had, and Mr. Walters was at the moment deep in research on the collectivist life of termites. He accepted with agreeable indifference this new pleasant-looking young man who appeared with rapidly increasing frequency at their dinner table, or even in the kitchen, drying dishes for Polly, helping her

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN POLGREEN

make sandwiches for the gay young crowd that was constantly invading the small Walters house.

But that was all on the Walters side of the picture. There was the Lent side, too. The warm day, for instance, that Richard lent Polly his roadster and she parked it too long on Main Street; the new policeman's nervous tearing up of the ticket he had been about to give her before he had noticed the car's license number. The exclusive musicale given by The Mrs. Lowescroft, to which Polly was amazed to receive an engraved invitation. The Dawnsons' dinner party, at which she met the president of the Warfield First National Bank.

Polly had met Mr. Greenway two years before, when she had gone to the bank with her father to see about putting a small mortgage on their house. Mr. Greenway had seemed then cold, superior, as mighty as the mint. It was startling indeed to see him jocular and deferring, almost toadying to young Richard. Being both respectful and heavily flirtatious toward Polly herself. The various Lent interests being, of course, what kept the First National Bank alive.

Via the underground communication system so efficient in a big village, all Warfield knew Polly Walters was being frequently entertained at Lent House. This was really, though, nothing but the mice playing while the cat was away. Mrs. Lent was a broken-spirited little woman who had been married originally for her family's money and social position, and was completely under the domination of her austere husband. The fact that he had felt himself too sick to be bothered with her now was giving her the first real vacation she had had in twenty-five years. She adored her orphan nephew and thought Polly was the loveliest girl she had ever met. But, of course, what she felt or thought never really counted.

"Dick, there's trouble ahead of us. I feel it in my bones," Polly said as Richard was driving her home in the twilight of a Sunday in mid-December. "I don't fit into this life of yours. I don't believe I could ever really fit."

WHAT do you mean—you don't fit?" Richard turned, instantly defensive. "You're the prettiest, cleverest, most attractive—why, everybody I've introduced you to is crazy about you."

Polly, being a woman, was the wiser in subtleties.

"No," she said. "Everybody's playing safe, that's all. They're afraid you may be going to marry me, and in that case they don't want to be caught on the wrong side."

"May be going to marry you!" Richard echoed indignantly. "I'm damn well going to marry you!"

"I don't fit," Polly repeated. "I've a feeling in my bones that your uncle won't approve of me."

"Then it will be just too bad for my uncle," said Richard. "As for fitting, do you think I fit, myself, for that matter? Do you think I like the kind of life my uncle approves of? The kind of life he leads, himself? Do you think I want to go the way my grandfather went? They say that when he was young he was a wild Indian, bighearted, full of fun. But when I knew him he was in the sixties, and he wasn't a man at all any more—he was nothing but a living statue representing the Lent interests. Good heavens, Polly, you don't think that's what I want out of life, do you?"

"I—I don't know, Dicky." She laid her hand over his on the steering wheel. "You'll be getting an awful lot you do want along with it. There's the business itself, you know. You love that."

"Yes," Richard admitted; "I do get a kick out of the Potteries—when I think about sometime being able to do what I really want to with them. You know, all the things we've talked about. Rip down those ugly old company houses and put up some that are livable. Have real labor representatives on the board. Have a budget where the dividends item isn't always the last one to be slashed. Yes," he repeated, "I do get a real kick out of the Potteries."

"Oh, Dick! I wish you weren't a Lent at all!" Polly cried. "How will you ever be dead sure that it's you yourself that I'm crazy about?"

"You're dead sure yourself, aren't you?" Richard demanded.

"Yes," said Polly. "But I wasn't sure—even myself—at first. I had to keep reminding myself how much I'd liked you that night in the club lounge, when I hadn't the slightest idea who you were."

"But you're sure now?" Richard insisted.

"Dead sure," Polly admitted. "It keeps growing on me. Why, Dicky, I'd be crazy about you if you were the garbage man! I know it, all right. But how can you ever be sure?"

"Because you tell me so," said Richard simply. "Oh, honey, stop fussing about things so. I love you and I know you love me. That's all that counts."

Tonight, looking into the cold relentless face of John Keith Lent, Polly knew that love wasn't all that counted.

"I have nothing against Miss Walters personally," he was saying levelly. "It was very kind of her to accept my invitation, to let me meet her. She is a very pretty and charming young woman. And, I am sure, good and intelligent. And an excellent dancing teacher."

Polly felt hot angry color sweeping to the neck of her discreet dinner dress. Under his velvety manner Richard's uncle had a quiet ruthlessness. There would be no weapons too petty for his use, from the subtle insult of speaking of her as though she were not present, to the dragging in of those classes of little girls at Humboldt Hall that she taught three times a week to help out the skimpy family exchequer.

"Nothing whatever against Miss Walters personally," Lent went on. "I don't blame her at all in this present situation. She could not be as intelligent as I am sure she is and have failed to recognize the advantages to herself that such a marriage would be."

"If you've asked Polly here just to insult her—" Richard's face was as white as his shirt front.

"Of course I've recognized the advantages," Polly interrupted defiantly. "It didn't need any intelligence. A very stupid girl couldn't have overlooked them. But they're not what I love Dick for. I'd marry him just as quickly if he weren't a Lent at all!"

Lent smiled, a wintry smile.

"If you marry my nephew," he told Polly, "that is exactly what you will be marrying. To all practical purposes, he will no longer be a Lent."

"You mean," said Richard incredulously, "that if I marry Polly you'll chuck me out of the Potteries?"

Lent ignored him; spoke to Polly.

"I'm sorry to be forced to seem disrespectful to you, Miss Walters," he apologized. "But the possible sincerity of your affection for my nephew has no bearing on the situation. I have devoted my life—as my father did, and my grandfather before him—to the building up of a business. It has been successful for three generations, for over a hundred years. Hundreds of people, directly and indirectly, depend upon it for their livelihood. The whole financial structure not only of various branches of a family, but even, I may say, to a large extent of a community, depend upon that business.

"The responsibility for that business is in my hands," Lent went on. "I have always stood ready at any time to sacrifice my personal happiness to its success. I expect my nephew to do the same. I have spent a good many thousands of dollars training him to carry on my work. I should regret the loss of that—shall we call it that investment? But I will sacrifice it willingly rather than allow Richard to do anything which might imperil the structure that three generations have given their lives to building up."

"But Dick loves the business, too!" Polly cried. "How could his marrying anybody imperil it?"

LENT hesitated, as though attempting to clarify his position to himself as well as to Polly.

"I think Richard does love the business," he said slowly. "But he has many wild ideas at present. Unless there is some counterinfluence at work, time and experience can be counted upon to correct such ideas. If, however, Richard should marry a girl like you, she would be constantly supplying that counterinfluence. Your father writes articles attempting to prove to the world that my principles are wrong. All of your other associates are young, ignorant; they come from commonplace families where a long tradition, discipline, a sense of responsibility as I understand such things are utterly unknown. This is nothing against them or you personally. It is a matter of principle. As my nephew's wife you would have a great influence over him, and it would be all, from my point of view, bad. I shall never, as long as I live, agree to his marrying you."

"You can't stop me!" Richard flashed.

"No," Lent said quietly. "You are of age. If you elect to throw away your birthright, I can't stop you. There is just one person in the world who is in a position to keep you from ruining your life. That is why I asked Miss Walters to come here tonight. Why I wanted her really to understand the situation." He turned to Polly. "If you marry my nephew, I am through with him. And it is common human experience, you know, for a man to come eventually to hate anything for which he has paid too high a price."

"We'll get married tomorrow morning!" Richard declared furiously, back in the Walters living room an hour later. "I'd be for doing it tonight if we could get hold of a license and a parson!"

Polly's response startled him.

"Oh, I see now what it would mean to be a member of the Lent family!" she cried. "Why it did what you say it did to your grandfather; why your poor little Aunt May has that beaten look; why Lent House always seems cold—" Polly looked around her own sitting room: scattered magazines, a card table tipped against the wall, worn comfortable chairs, scarlet begonias in the window boxes, the last of a fire still warm in the fireplace—a dear, shabby, lived-in room. "Oh, I wouldn't be a member of the Lent family—not if he changed his mind a million times!"

"Well, he isn't going to change it." Richard looked at Polly anxiously. But after her one outburst she stood looking silently down into the fire. Richard came over, put his arm around her.

"What's the matter, Polly?" he asked.

OH, Dicky, I'm scared. We can't go on with this. You can't give up everything—your whole future—for me. I'm afraid to let you—afraid to start a marriage like that. It's—oh, Dick, it terrifies me!"

"You're just letting what he said scare you. All that rot. Polly, I couldn't pay too dear for you! Why, without you there's nothing in the world I want at all."

"Honey, you've had special privileges always. You don't know what it's like to worry about money, to stand in line, to take orders—"

"Do you think I can't take it as well as the next fellow?"

"It isn't just the money," she said slowly. "You'd be giving up everything that you've grown up expecting to have sometime—a great business, a powerful position in the community—" Polly shivered. "Every time any little thing went wrong, I'd think maybe you were remembering all you'd given up for me—wondering if I was really worth it. I couldn't be just natural, just myself. I'd always be thinking of how much I had to make up to you for. Don't you see?"

Richard took his arm away from her waist. By his stiff hurt silence Polly knew that she was saying all the wrong things. Yet she knew that they were true.

"You don't trust me very far," Richard said at last. "I don't mind my uncle being so sure that without Lent backing I'm nothing. But if you haven't any faith in me, not even in my love and loyalty—"

"Dick, stop! That isn't fair. You're being childish, deliberately twisting what I said."

"I'm not twisted any on what it boils down to," Richard answered. "You don't want to marry me if I don't chuck everything, and you don't want to marry me if I do."

The lump in Polly's throat grew larger, more painful. She felt baffled, helpless—and suddenly angry at Richard. She knew that he was groping in a briary underbrush of hurt pride, of outraged manhood. But she had feelings, too. The memory of the evening's insults swept over her.

"Perhaps it would be better for you," said Richard levelly, "if we just called it off."

His face was hard and angry. It was cruel, unfair, to turn against her like this! Polly defiantly drew off the ring he had given her yesterday, an emerald as wide as her slim finger.

"Perhaps it would be better for both of us," she said.

She didn't really expect Richard to take the ring. But he did. Slipped it into his vest pocket.

"Well," he said grimly, "it was a good war while it lasted."

All the next day Polly waited for Richard to telephone her. People who loved each other didn't give each other up forever just for hurt feelings, for wounded pride. Oh, it couldn't, couldn't end like this! She'd tell Richard—what could she tell him? Not that she had been all mistaken; not that she wasn't afraid for the future. No; she would just tell him that, even afraid, she loved him, she

trusted him. She would take her chances on the future.

She waited until the second afternoon, sure that Richard, underneath wounded pride, really felt just the same, that he would have to call her. Late the second afternoon, when he still hadn't, she rang the Potteries. She would ask Richard to stop by on his way home. Richard's secretary answered. Mr. Lent was out of town, the cool voice said. He would be away for several days. Was there any message?

The next morning's mail brought a letter:

Dear Polly:

I'm sorry I acted like a bear with a sore foot night before last. I was sore all over. But I've been doing a lot of thinking since I left you, and I see that you were right. A marriage on that basis wouldn't have been any good. I'm glad you had sense enough to see it, nerve enough to say it. I'm sorry I was sore and ugly about it. But it was right to call it off.

Polly had gone down to the postbox at the gate, and she stood bareheaded, coatless, unaware that snow was blowing, soft and cold, against her face.

"Oh, Dick," she heard her own voice saying in a queer little whimpering moan. "Oh, Dick!"

In a day or two all Pottersville, that had been watching, speculating, gossiping, would know that everything was over. Most people would say that they had guessed all along how it would end—known that John Lent wouldn't stand for it, and that when the pinch came Richard would let her down; that no sane young man would give up so much for any girl. Strangers whom Polly didn't even know knew all about her. Would be laughing at her, or pitying her. Queer how little difference this made.

Nothing made any difference to Polly but the one thought that was in her mind night and day: Richard.

"It won't go on feeling like this forever," she would think as she tossed in bed at four in the morning or counted out little girls' dance steps at four in the afternoon. "After while it won't be so bad. I must remember that. It won't feel like this forever." But her heart didn't believe a word of the sensible consolement. It just kept on that senseless, whimpering moan. Sometimes when she was alone she would whisper it aloud. Just "Oh, Dick. Oh, Dick."

A week after the interview at Lent House, she came home from Humboldt Hall in the late twilight. The afternoon Gazette lay still rolled on the door mat. That meant her father was out. She picked up the paper automatically, slipped her key in the lock. There was the crunch of a man's footsteps in the path behind her, and she turned, hastily forcing the smile with which she usually managed to greet her father. Blinked in the twilight. It was a taller, slimmer man than her father, in a gray overcoat like Dick's.

"Dick—Dick, it's you!"

SHE was in his arms, crying in incredible reprieve. He held her fast. For the moment, that was all that mattered. Inside the hall:

"Polly darling, I've come right from the train and I've got to catch the midnight train back to Chicago. I've got a job. I've just come to ask you to marry me."

"Oh, I will—I will! No matter how. It's no use trying. I can't bear it not to."

"It isn't such a swell job, but it's got a future. I landed it through the firm that looked me up at Tech. They don't know I come from Pottersville—they don't care. They took me on my record and what I proved to them I know about ceramics. Believe me, Polly, I'm never going to let them regret it."

"Does your uncle know yet?" Polly asked idly. Not that it mattered. Nothing really mattered except Richard's arm around her.

"Sure; it's in tonight's Gazette. Thank heaven it isn't important enough for the Chicago papers to pick up."

With his free arm he unrolled Polly's Gazette, spread it out for her to read the front-page headline:

RICHARD LENT RESIGNS

"No need to read it all," he said. "I made my own statement. It just says that I'm resigning my position in the Potteries because I don't consider myself temperamentally fitted to the responsibility; that I'm not sufficiently in sympathy with the policies of the management. That'll hand a lot of people a good laugh; they'll think I'm a conceited young ass. But it's the simple truth."

He kissed Polly again, rumpled her hair, and drew a small diamond solitaire from the same vest pocket into which he had slipped the great emerald.

"No Lent heirlooms for you, my girl," he said. "I bought this out of my own egg money."

Polly held out her hand and Richard kissed the slim finger. But before he slipped the ring on it he said:

"Polly, there's just one thing I want you to understand first. I've thought a lot about what you said: how it would be hard for me to get used to a new position in life—to taking orders, standing in line, and so on. I'm keen about this new job, but I've only had it a couple of days and I'm not kidding myself. There's sure to be things about it from time to time that I'll hate. I'll do my damnedest, but there'll probably be times when I'll get mad or blue, and then I'll remember the soft snap I gave up. There's just one thing I want to get absolutely straight, both on the record and off. *I didn't give it up for you.*"

FANNIE KILBOURNE

created Dot and Will Horton, the characters whose experiences ran serially in magazines, then books, and are now making new friends over the radio. Is a Minnesotan by birth, but has lived for the last twenty years in New York and Europe.

POLLY looked at him with bewildered eyes. "Thank God you still want to marry me. But if you'd changed your mind and didn't want me any more I'd be just as glad I'd taken the step. Of course I can't back out now, but I wouldn't even if I could—not if you turned me down cold. I've seen the price I was paying for being the Lent heir. I'd had glimmers of it before, and knowing you threw the light on it so bright that I couldn't go on being even half blind any longer.

"Polly, get this straight. I'm not giving up the Lent fortune and the Lent Potteries in order to marry you. I'm giving them up for myself. Because I'm not willing to waste half my life waiting for a dead man's shoes. I want a human life, where I earn what I'm paid, I pick my own girl, hold my own opinions, make my own mistakes. I'd been kidding myself that I could have that plus being the Lent heir. Well, I found that I couldn't. All right. I've chosen to be a human being, not a dummy. And I've chosen it for myself. You fit into the picture—thank God."

"But your uncle said—" Polly began.

"My uncle tried to put the responsibility that belongs to me off on to you. Of course that scared the life out of you. Of course you can't make up to me for the Lent Potteries. That's not your job. I adore you, Polly, and I want you for my wife. But that's all. You're a girl—not a pottery."

Polly laughed shakily.

"Maybe I'm too big for my uncle's shoes," Richard went on gravely. "Or maybe I'm not big enough for them. All I'm dead sure of is that they don't fit me and I've kicked them off. For the right to go ahead with the girl I want and find the shoes that belong to me. My uncle may capitulate sometime, or he may never. But remember as long as you live, Polly, it's not your responsibility. I didn't do it for you."

"Oh, Dick, I do love you. I do love you so much!"

For a moment it was as though Polly were looking up at a stranger—some one taller, more significant than others. Not the glamour, though, that had caught her at Sunny Tees when she found she had been dancing with a Lent. This was authentic magic, that may flash whenever a girl, glancing lightly at a boy, meets suddenly the steady gaze of a man.

Richard slipped his engagement ring on her finger that had so briefly worn the Lent emerald.

"From me to you," he said, "with all my love."

THE END

HOW TO WATCH A

The year's outstanding player gives Liberty fans the lowdown on what to look for.. and proposes something new!

BY JOE DiMAGGIO

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

I SUPPOSE I should admit at the beginning that the only World Series games I ever saw were from center field. Last year, when the Yanks beat the Giants, it was my first World Series. There I was out there in center field for the Yanks, going after those drives of Ott, Terry, Mancuso, and the rest of the Giants, and in the first year of my major-league playing. I got as much of a thrill out of that series as the thousands who filled the Yankee Stadium or the Polo Grounds each game of the series. Here I am seeing my second World Series from that same spot, out in the center garden. Maybe I never will see a World Series game from the stands. That's O. K. with me as long as I see the next one from where I saw the last one.

A World Series game isn't much different from a regular game, except that there is more at stake and more excitement. I guess the players feel a little more tense, just like the fans. We've been playing against the same teams all season and know what to expect. But in a World Series game we're up against a different situation. We don't know as much about the Giants, the Cubs, or the Cards, so aren't so sure what will happen. And you can always look for the unexpected in a World Series. Every player has his off days in the field and at the plate during the season. But in a series, one off day can be disastrous. And when the pressure is on, you're likely to be overanxious.

I'm not worried about my hitting in this series. But I sure would feel better if I knew just where Ott of the Giants, "Gabby" Hartnett of the Cubs, or Medwick of the Cards was going to hit when he comes up. An error or a badly played hit may mean the difference between victory or defeat for a world's championship. So you can understand why right now I am looking forward to that last out so I can get out to San Francisco and be with my dad at Joe DiMaggio's Grotto down on Fishermen's Wharf. I guess I'd rather be out there talking with dad and the boys than hitting against Hubbell, Lee, or Dean.

Although a player soon gets used to the crowds and the noise, I guess we feel about the same way the person in the stands does in the last half of the ninth with the winning run on third. I remember many times when I used only the front ten cents' worth of my bleacher seat when the San Francisco Seals' slugger was coming up in such a spot.

Playing out there in center field, waiting for Gehringer or Averill to lay one out my way, I get a chance to do a little thinking. Usually I am pretty busy playing the batter and figuring out what to do under the set-up. But I can't help but hear the "bleacher bugs" yelling and whistling. And then I steal a glance up around the stands and say to myself, "Boy, if they only knew what I know, with Travis coming up!"

Maybe some of the people who follow the game closely and are dyed-in-the-wool fans see the infield move toward third base. Gehrig and Lazzeri move closer to second, and Crosetti and Rolfe move toward the third-base line. And the outfield shifts to the left. You see, Travis of Washington is what we call a left-field hitter. We know that about seven out of ten times he will hit to left. This doesn't mean that we are going to get him out every time he comes up. But we figure we have a better chance of getting him that way.

On the other hand, there are players like Cronin, manager of the Boston Reds, or Charley Gehringer of the Tigers who are likely to hit them any place. We play such hitters in our regular positions, because they may hit to right, left, or center. In a World Series, although your scout may have given you some dope on Galan of the Cubs, or Whitehead of the Giants, you haven't played them enough to have that old confidence.

I believe the fans will enjoy the game more if they will just take a glance around the field when a batter comes up to the plate, and watch if the team in the field shifts one way or another. That's your tip-off on what to expect, and the type of hitter up there. Remember, though, we get crossed up, so don't blame me if Hartnett, for instance, hits one where we were. That's baseball.

The most experienced player can be fooled in the old game of baseball as well as the most rabid fan.

When the champions of the two major leagues meet in the World Series, you can figure that two good clubs are meeting and that everything is going to count. Conse-

quently there will be a lot of those best tricks pulled for that extra run that may mean the difference between a win or a defeat.

One of the best is the old " squeeze play." This one is used when there is a man on third with none or only one out, and one run will either break a tie score or tie it in the late innings. Watch for the third and first basemen to pull in toward home plate in this spot. They know what's coming, and by watching them you will, too. If you don't fall off the front edge of your seat, you will see the batter lay down a bunt and a cloud of dust at home plate when the runner hits the dirt to score from third. What happens then? Well, that's up to the umpire.

Some teams use the sacrifice bunt more than the Yanks, because we have what is known as a power team. That is, from the top to the bottom of the line-up, every batter the opposing pitcher faces is likely to put one into the stands for a home run. With a man on first and none out, look for a bunt to sacrifice the runner on first to second. This often is the play when the pitcher is coming up, because pitchers are not supposed to be good hitters.

WHEN there is a chance the batter might hit into a double play, the sacrifice signal is given to do several things: A good bunt will prevent a double play or force-out at second, and at the same time send the runner from first to second to be in scoring position. Of course, if the batter can beat out the bunt, so much the better. But, instead of having a man on first with one out, or no one on with two out, a bunt will usually put a man on second with a chance to score on a good hit.

The same set-up of having a runner on first with none out and a good hitter coming up may result in the hit-and-run signal being given. Of course, the fans don't see these signals. And neither does the opposing team. So you don't need to feel disappointed. But you can sense it coming, just as the players, by knowing the hitter.

The purpose of the hit-and-run is to get the man on first around to third, or at least make sure he is safe at second, even though the hitter may be thrown out at first. On the hit-and-run, the man on first is off with the pitch and the batter hits away. Of course this one has its dangers, too. If the pitch isn't in there for the batter to hit, the runner may be caught at second. And the batter may hit a liner into one of the fielder's hands for an easy double play.

In a crucial spot in the last World Series I came to bat with Crosetti on third, Rolfe on first, and the Yanks needing two runs to get back in the game. Manager McCarthy, coaching at third, gave the hit-and-run signal. Rolfe and Crosetti were off with the pitch. But Whitehead, playing second, made a swell catch of my drive and doubled Rolfe off first.

If the hit had gone a foot or two either way, Crosetti would have scored and Rolfe would have reached third. But, instead, I had hit into a double play. I guess I felt the way Bill Terry did three years ago when his crack, " Is Brooklyn still in the league? " was answered by the Dodgers beating the Giants in a crucial series to give the National League pennant to the St. Louis Cardinals. But remember, that's what makes baseball.

I have often been asked how a person can tell whether a long hit is ticketed for a home run. Well, you can't from the stands. The batter can feel whether or not it's a four-bagger, just as the golfer knows when he has put a good one out 250 yards. Yes, I know, you and 59,999 other fans jump to your feet and yell " There she goes! " as soon as the ball leaves the bat. Sometimes you are right. But more often you're wrong. While you are following that little speck out toward the fence or bleachers, you just have to wait and see. I've seen Jake Powell, Vosmik, Simmons, and all of them turn and run toward the bleachers like they were going to make the catch, when they know darn well it's going in the stands. I guess they just want to see in what row it will fall.

And speaking of home runs, there was a ballplayer by the name of Babe Ruth who one season hit sixty baseballs into the laps of some lucky fans or into the streets outside American League parks. I've been asked plenty of times if I think I will beat this record. Sure, I'd like to, but I don't think I will. I hit to left field, and the Babe hit them to right. And you have to hit them harder in the majority of parks to get homers in left than in right. For example, we play seventy-seven games in Yankee Stadium, where it takes about sixty more feet on a drive to get a homer to left than to right. So it becomes a question of simple arithmetic.

Another reason is that the " dead " ball is going to be used next year, which means that it is going to be harder to drive one into the stands. If the fans get as much of a thrill out of seeing a home run hit as I do hitting them, then they really get a thrill. Each one is as good as the last one. And the Yanks really can hit them. If one of the Series games is close in the late innings, or if the Yanks are behind, watch us lay into that ball.

Several times this last season we've won games on home runs in the last or extra inning. I suppose the homer I got off young Bob Feller in the Cleveland Stadium this year in the last inning with the bases loaded, to break a tie and win for the Yanks, was about as thrilling as any one I ever hit. Incidentally, I believe that Feller will become a really great pitcher when he gets some experience. He is plenty fast and has a good curve. But he needs to learn how to stand out there on the rubber, especially with men on base.

Speaking of pitchers, maybe you've seen one throwing them up to the plate slow enough that you thought you could hit them, and wonder why the batter doesn't swing at them. Well, we would if they were good. But these pitchers are putting that ball where they know you won't have a chance to get a good hit. They have control and use their heads. Take pitchers like Wes Ferrell, now with Washington, and Ted Lyons of the Chicago White Sox. They both are veterans and not as fast as they used to be. But they are pitching good ball. Why? They have the control and patience. They get a batter in a hole and get him swinging at bad ones which result in a handle hit or a topped drive. The batter has to " outpatience " these pitchers.

IF you are a fan, no doubt you have followed me in this article. If you aren't, I hope you've found out something that will help you get more fun out of the World Series game you see, or any game. Anywhere from a half million to a million persons will be seeing this World Series. And many millions more will be listening in on their radios and reading about the series in the papers.

Yet there will be other World Series in the years to come. The players who will be in the World Series of the future are the kids playing ball in the schools, with boys' clubs, in the streets, and on the vacant lots today. I sure would like to see them get a chance. And I believe that you would, too. They must be encouraged.

Every year hundreds of All-America football teams are selected. And the kids playing football look forward to the time they will make these All-America teams. Yet there are more kids playing baseball today than any other one game. And a good baseball player has a chance to make the game his lifework. Why not an All-America baseball team to help these kids to be the players you'll watch in tomorrow's World Series?

THE END

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

I Talk With China's Mysterious American Girl

BY VICTOR KEEN

Agnes Smedley, the former Iowa schoolteacher, has become a central figure in the tremendous Far Eastern drama that imperils the peace of the world. Not only is she an intimate friend of Mme. Sun Yat-sen, widow of the "Father of the Chinese Republic"; not only is she the historian and publicist of China's Communists and their Red army; not only was she present last winter in Sian when Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was held captive there—but now, as Mr. Keen discloses, she is herself in a Red army uniform. And that formidable force has made common cause with Chiang Kai-shek against Japan.

DISCARDING skirts for a Red army uniform, foreign food and a comfortable apartment for the simplest Chinese diet and a mud-brick bed, Agnes Smedley, American writer and revolutionary, is living more than a thousand miles from a treaty port, in Yenan, capital of the Chinese Communist government in far-away Shensi Province.

Like the late "Unsinkable" Mrs. Brown, heroine of the Titanic disaster, Agnes Smedley was born in Missouri and spent much of her girlhood in the unrefining atmosphere of a Colorado mining camp. She later taught school in Iowa. The early history of the American revolutionary writer, her imprisonment in the Tombs in New York for six months during the Great War on charges of aiding Indian nationalists, have been described in her autobiographical novel, Daughter of Earth, and in briefer form by Upton Sinclair in the March 13, 1937, issue of Liberty. But the portrait which I wish to paint is Agnes Smedley as I have known her during her eight years as a journalist and author in China.

Agnes arrived in China in 1929 as the correspondent for the Frankfurter Zeitung, an outstanding German liberal newspaper in the pre-Hitler days. She subsequently made trips into Manchuria and the interior of China proper to study the conditions of workers and peasants. She is an ardent champion of the Chinese masses and an outspoken critic of many phases of the prevailing Chinese government as a result of these investigations. She became one of the few foreign intimates of Mme. Sun Yat-sen and for a time served as her private secretary. Due to her leftist views, she has been frequently harassed by foreign and Chinese secret service agents.

When the Chinese Red army in 1930 captured Changsha, capital of Hunan Province, Agnes was in Canton. The local Chinese police promptly placed her under detention. "They seemed to think that I was in some way responsible for the Red army victory," she told me. American consular authorities in Canton obtained her release.

In 1934, the year the Chinese Red armies were forced to evacuate Kiangsi Province, where they had been strongly entrenched for four years, Agnes published The Red Army Marches. It was the first book in English dealing with the Chinese Communist problem from a sympathetic point of view and it was banned by the Chinese authorities.

At the time of the Sian *coup d'état* of last December, in which Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was taken captive, Agnes was living in Sian. Consequently she was the subject of many sensational and ill-founded rumors during the thirteen days of Chiang's captivity—rumors which were highly exaggerated or categorically untrue.

As nearly as I could ascertain them from personal investigation in Sian, these are the facts: A few days after the coup, a publicity committee was organized in Sian representing the National or United Front. Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang and General Yang Hu-cheng, representing the armies responsible for the capture of the Generalissimo, and Chow En-lai, a Chinese Communist leader who had come to Sian subsequent to the December 12 incident, headed the committee. Agnes Smedley, Mrs. Anna Wang, German wife of General Yang Hu-cheng's secretary, and James Bertram, British subject and Rhodes scholar to China, served on a subcommittee which broadcast Sian's version of the *coup d'état* to counteract false rumors which were being published in other parts of China regarding General Chiang's detention. Nightly broadcasts from Sian in Chinese, English,

Agnes Smedley, dressed in her Red army uniform and military cap, smiles at hardships in isolated Yenan, the Chinese Communist capital, where she has chosen to live and work.

Yenan, a lonely walled town with mountains on three sides, is reached only after a journey of two days along a hazardous climbing road. The mountain passes are bitterly cold in winter.

At last—a real close-up of the Iowa teacher whose strange career in the Orient has set the world a-wondering

Victor Keen, the author, above at the left, faces the camera with Chu Teh, commander in chief of the Chinese Red armies.

Mao Tse-tung, right, chairman of the Chinese Communist government, takes lessons in English from Agnes Smedley.

Mr. Keen is the New York Herald Tribune's staff correspondent in Shanghai and manager of its Far Eastern bureau. He recently completed a hazardous two-month trip through the interior of China, having crossed the line into Shensi and looked up Agnes Smedley. He was the first white man to see and talk with her since she fled with the Chinese Reds to their remote stronghold there. On August 26 he was married in Shanghai, then under bombardment, to an American, Miss Charlotte Armstrong of Kensington, Connecticut. His bride is staying on in Shanghai with him while he continues his work.

and German reported the latest local developments and explained the program of the National Front. Cessation of Nanking's extermination campaign against the Chinese Communists, and military resistance against Japan were the principal points in the National Front program and the original price set for Chiang Kai-shek's release.

Early in January, Agnes decided to write another book about the Chinese Red army, a continuation of The Red Army Marches. She is gathering material by living in the Chinese Communist capital, Yenan, a primitive village in the mountainous famine district of northern Shensi Province in China's distant northwest.

When I arrived in Yenan to write a series of articles on the Chinese Communists, Agnes was the only foreigner living in the Red capital. A primitive Chinese compound was her home. In a plaster-walled room heated only by a charcoal brazier, she suffered intensely during the subzero winter months.

Agnes has periodical heart attacks that would make most women afraid to be a two days' journey—as she is—from a foreign doctor or a foreign hospital. If she is ill, she is treated by a foreign-trained Chinese Communist doctor.

When Agnes arrived in Yenan, she learned that the Red Military and Political Academy was in need of books. She had no books printed in Chinese. But many of the Red leaders read English. Accordingly, she started a foreign section of the library with her own private volumes as a nucleus and acts as honorary librarian.

Although she cannot speak Chinese, she is on friendly, social terms with most of the Red commanders and political leaders. They visit her often, always assured of a cup of tea or coffee and a cordial welcome. The commander in chief of the Red armies, Chu Teh, with whom she can converse in German, is one of her most apt pupils in ballroom dancing.

The week I arrived in Yenan, Agnes was absorbed in a campaign to rid the town of rats. She caught the interest of the lethargic peasantry by a parade of soldiers and an impromptu dramatic entertainment. Then, when a curious crowd had gathered, Mao Tse-tung, chairman of the Communist government, Chu Teh, and other officials gave talks emphasizing the importance of cleanliness and the eradication of rodents as a preventive of plague and disease.

One of the Communist social problems in which Agnes has taken an active interest is birth control. Many Red army wives gave birth to babies during the 8,000-mile "long march" when the Communist forces evacuated Kiangsi and fought their way to their present headquarters in Shensi Province. These babies could not be transported by the constantly harassed and swiftly moving army. They were given to kindly peasant families along the way. Agnes is assisting the Red army women in obtaining birth-control literature and instruction.

With her many humanitarian activities, I could not see when Agnes found time to work on her book. I know that she sometimes works far into the night by candlelight. There is no electric illumination in Yenan.

If I have painted a drab picture of Agnes Smedley's present surroundings, the surroundings should only be taken as the frame of the portrait—a portrait in which Agnes stands out happily contented in Yenan. Perhaps much more so than if she was sleeping on a feather bed in a steam-heated apartment in some treaty port. The Communists are happy to have her as their guest. And Agnes is happy to be there. According to the last letter I received from her, she has moved into a cave carved out of one of the loess cliffs which border the village.

THE END

Casanova's Women:

LUCREZIA LOSES HER TEMPER

In which a rendezvous is wrecked and our hero comes to grief—A new, lively tale of the great lover and his ladies

BY JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

HAVING dined to his complete satisfaction in the best room of the Hôtel d'Espagne, Giacomo Casanova took from his desk two letters and settled into a comfortable chair, to read them for the fourth or fifth time.

The first was from Lucrezia. If he should find it convenient to call tomorrow evening, any hour after eight, her mother and her sister would be glad to receive him.

He understood. *She* would be glad; the mother and the sister would be disposed of, perhaps out of the city, at their country seat near Tivoli. The long siege promised victory at last. Reflecting on the soundness of his strategy throughout, Casanova was pleased with himself.

From the moment he saw her he had lost his heart to Lucrezia. He had come to Rome a total stranger, which in some ways was an advantage; but Lucrezia's family liked young men of excellent or at least respectable background, and there were few moments in Casanova's life when he was free to say whence he came and whither he was bound. This embarrassment he had for once turned to his benefit; he had wrapped his tall figure in mystery. Saying nothing, he had told no untruths.

Lucrezia was too well bred to be taken by measures violent or crude. Impeccably, step by step, he had undermined her resistance, until here she was, of her own impulse, as she thought, arranging an assignation.

He never could have done it without long study and practice. Even so, you couldn't learn the art of manipulating your destiny unless you had a talent. Tomorrow night he would collect the reward of good behavior and of mature technique. He was all of twenty-three.

The other letter, though it really didn't concern him, was in its own right amusing and a little pathetic. It was from Barbara Dalacqua, whose father just then imparted the French language to Casanova and other studious young men.

The class had fallen off during the past week; one member had withdrawn. Monsieur Dalacqua had been in an irritable humor.

But that morning, as Casanova was leaving her father's house, Barbara had dropped this letter with such ostentation that he could not do less than pick it up. His name was on it. Inside was a second letter, courteously unsealed.

He felt it his duty to read both.

The message to him was brief: "If you'd rather not give him this, burn it. I am very unhappy. Please don't tell on me."

The unsealed message was intended for the young man who had abruptly left the class: "If you love me as I love you, you cannot be happy without me. It is unsafe to speak or write to each other except by the means which I here employ. I will risk any danger, suffer any privation, if only we can be united till death. Think it over and make up your mind."

Casanova put down the letter with a smile. What children! He had encountered Barbara frequently in his attendance at the class, and once or twice she had given the instruction in her father's place. A pleasant-looking girl of perhaps sixteen, born to a knowledge of French, but ignorant of everything else. The young man didn't even know French.

Only such infants in arms would have chosen Giacomo Casanova as their postman. No meddling for him in any intrigues but his own. He'd hand the letter back to the girl, with the advice of experience—never to write.

At the French class next morning, he observed that Monsieur Dalacqua was seriously disturbed. Perhaps the old man had discovered all; perhaps Barbara was locked in her room for safety. Back to the Hôtel d'Espagne went the letter in Casanova's right-hand lower pocket. That night, between eight and nine, he would present himself at the Piazza della Minerva, at the house where Lucrezia lodged, and asking for her mother and sister he would be grieved that they weren't there, and then Lucrezia and he—he spent the rest of the day with his thoughts, bringing the scene to a well rehearsed perfection.

But at the very hour when he was on the point of setting out, a young man knocked at the door and hoped Signor Casanova would forgive the intrusion, would hear in private the desperate fix of a total stranger.

A dark slender youth of middle height whose words betrayed a pleasing ambition to pass for a man of the world, though temporarily disheveled as to his hair and scattered as to his wits. Casanova recognized the pupil Monsieur Dalacqua didn't like and Barbara did.

"Have the goodness to enter, signor. That farther chair is comfortable—permit me to draw it nearer."

"I must not stay," said the youth, accepting the chair. "You were going out."

"I was indeed—in fact I am," said Casanova; "but for a friend in distress I can spare a minute or two."

"Gratitude," said the youth, "urges me to brevity. I love Barbara Dalacqua."

"Your story is indeed concise," said Casanova, "and easy to understand. Does she love you?"

"I believe she does, but her father came upon us and now I can't get into the house."

Casanova kept his face straight.

"Where and at what time did he come upon you?"

"In her room, shortly after four in the morning."

Casanova laughed, then recovered himself in deference to his mortified guest. "But this is too delightful, my dear friend! You showed, may I say, precocious enterprise. I foresee nothing but happiness."

"While he was looking for his sword," said the rueful youth, "Barbara persuaded me to leave. I didn't have my sword with me either. But now I can't get a word to her and I don't know what has happened."

Casanova produced the letter. "Take it home and read it at your leisure. To a man of your ingenuity the next step will be obvious."

The youth devoured Barbara's message on the spot, then reread it with less ecstasy, then studied it in perplexed thoughtfulness. Casanova sat down again, but on the edge of his chair.

"She says if I love her I can't be happy without her. Of course I can't!" declared the youth.

"Haven't you skipped something?" asked Casanova.

A tall woman entered without knocking—an angry woman with a handsome face and flashing eyes.

"They usually introduce the idea that their love is stronger than ours."

The youth buried his nose in the manuscript. "Here it is! 'If you love me as I love you.' How wise you are, Signor Casanova!"

A wave of the hand put the compliment by. "Not at all—it comes with years."

"Well, how about this, now—she'll risk anything if we can be united till death—of course that's perfectly clear, but she tells me to think it over and make up my mind."

Casanova rose and with no discourteous haste reached for his hat. "That, too, seems clear and very reasonable. Think it over and make up your mind. Admirably expressed! The whole duty of the lover. Even if he can't think."

"But she knows I've made up my mind. I told her I had. But you've an engagement—don't let me detain you."

"I am indeed somewhat pressed for time," Casanova admitted, "and only on that account inhospitable."

"Don't apologize," said the youth. "It would be well to answer her message at once, would it not?"

"No other course could be commended," said Casanova, glancing at the clock.

"If you'll permit me to use your desk and your pen—"

"Oh, don't do it too hastily! Frame each sentence in your mind as you walk home."

"Is that your habit?" asked the youth, starting to scribble. "It isn't mine. Whatever talent I have is impromptu. For example, this opening paragraph—I'd like your opinion."

Casanova sank into a chair, discouraged. "Of its quality I am already assured, my young friend, but other people's love letters lie outside the province of literary criticism."

"In the second paragraph," said the youth, "I take her to task for the implied doubt of my fidelity."

"That's wrong," said Casanova, getting interested. "You shouldn't take her to task. Not at this stage. Besides, your fidelity isn't questioned. Not yet, at least."

"A good point," said the youth. "The purpose was to divert her thought and put her on the defensive, but you are right, it's premature."

To Casanova's horror he tore up the page and began again.

"There—I go directly from the first paragraph to this plain statement of my attitude—"

"I beg of you!"

"As you will," said the youth, writing fast. "I'll leave it unsealed. You can read it before you give it to her."

Casanova sat up. "Before I what?"

The innocent youth stared at him. "You're going to deliver my letter, aren't you? Didn't you notice she said no other method of communication would be safe?"

"This method isn't safe!" exclaimed Casanova. "Certainly not for me! You are welcome to advice—that's as far as I can collaborate. If Monsieur Dalacqua knew—"

"He does, I believe. Barbara says he distrusted you the first time the class met. Because of your reputation, you know. So we hoped you'd be on our side."

"Certainly on your side," said Casanova, "but I won't deliver your letter."

"Just this once!" pleaded the youth. "I'll add a line, to say she must send the next by some one else."

Casanova put up his hand. "No more writing, if you please! I'll give her the letter—but not again."

The hour had slipped away. When he was rid of his visitor and had descended to the street, he wished he had ordered out his coach. Too late now. Where the pavements were less frequented he permitted himself to run, and arrived out of breath at Lucrezia's house.

The concierge listened unmoved to his panting assurance that Lucrezia's mother and sister expected him.

"Signor, you must be mistaken. They went to Florence yesterday."

"How astonishing! Were they called away by bad news? I should like to be reassured. Is the other sister still here, by any chance? You may announce my arrival."

"Signor, I'd rather not. She spoke to me an hour ago. Her temper is not of the most placid."

Casanova laid a coin in the man's hand. "You know my name. Tell her I am here."

The concierge was grateful but embarrassed. "Signor, I do know your name—she pronounced it distinctly."

"What did she say?" Casanova produced another coin.

"If you insist, signor—you are the one person she wishes not to see."

"Have you some paper? A pen? Thank you, I can write very well here."

Discretion was dispensed with. "Light of my life! Forgive! I was detained by a tragic accident."

He folded the paper.

"Perhaps the signor would prefer to seal it?"

Such delicacy deserved another coin. "There! I wait for the reply."

He was cursing Barbara's young man a long ten minutes, till the concierge brought down a much folded letter sheet, unsealed.

"Hope the accident was good-looking. Farewell."

Nothing but that, in small script, in the center of the page. He gambled on the chance the concierge hadn't opened it.

"Ah, yes. I accept her invitation. You may say I'll come tomorrow evening, at nine precisely."

Conscience kept him awake that night. He knew his fault—vanity. An experienced man would never be tripped by the egotism of the incompetent, but it had flattered him to be asked for advice—as though that lovesick nuisance had contemplated wisdom often enough to recognize it!

Toward morning he fell into a doze, and when he woke it was full day, almost time *(Continued on page 20)*

When Monsieur Dalacqua turned for the book, the bulky letter was deftly transferred to Barbara.

Puzzle:

What 3-letter word explains Paul Jones' growing popularity?

YES, *DRY* **is the word. A little word, but mighty important to *knowing* drinkers. For *dryness* is the quality such men have always sought in fine champagne and sherry —*and in whiskey, too!***

And they find this quality of *dryness* in Paul Jones. For Paul Jones is a truly *dry* whiskey—rich and full-bodied, yet without even a suggestion of sweetness.

As you savor its gloriously brisk flavor, either straight or in a mixed drink, remember that this quality of *dryness* is just one of many reasons for Paul Jones' fame as "A Gentleman's Whiskey" since 1865!

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated,
Louisville and Baltimore

People whispered
"SHE'S ON THE SHELF—"

Her friends stopped making "dates." Her telephone never seemed to ring. All because she'd become so lifeless, irritable—so different from her usual happy self—and all due to constipation!

NOW LIFE IS SO DIFFERENT—THANKS TO THIS NEW IDEA

Fortunately a friend told her of a delicious chewing-gum laxative, so unusual and satisfactory that 16 million people have already changed to it. She found FEEN-A-MINT a blessing—she found, as you will, that *no other type of laxative CAN do exactly what FEEN-A-MINT does.* It's so different from old-fashioned cathartics—so wonderfully easy to take and so gentle, dependable, and thorough.

You'll find— **FEEN-A-MINT gives you ALL THREE of these important benefits!**

1. NO STOMACH UPSET—With FEEN-A-MINT you don't swallow a heavy, bulky dose; there is nothing to further burden an already overburdened digestion.
2. CHEWING AIDS DIGESTION—The chewing stimulates the flow of the same natural alkaline fluids that help food digest.
3. ACTS WHERE YOU NEED IT—FEEN-A-MINT'S tasteless laxative ingredient does nothing in the stomach. It passes to the intestine and does its work just where you want it—easily, pleasantly, comfortably.

FEEN-A-MINT won't gripe or nauseate you—won't disturb your sleep. Just the thing for children—they love its flavor. Make FEEN-A-MINT your *family* laxative. At all druggists, or write for generous FREE trial package. Dept. 21, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

(Continued from page 18) for his French lesson.

He arrived not very late—the class could hardly have started. But at the door the servant told him there would be no class that day. Monsieur Dalacqua's throat was sore. He would consider it a favor, however, if Signor Casanova would come to his bedside for a moment.

A favor so modest no gentleman could refuse. Casanova looked upon a small wrenlike master of foreign languages in his nightshirt, without a wig. Near the pillow were two chairs, in one of which sat Barbara.

Monsieur Dalacqua put his hand to his thin neck.

"Speech," he whispered, "is for me impossible, but my daughter will instruct you."

"You have my sympathy," said Casanova. "And your daughter has my thanks, but her first duty is to you. I leave you both in peace."

"Sit down and have your lesson," ordered Monsieur Dalacqua, forgetting to whisper. "I will supervise it."

In something less than the best of humor Casanova went through the irregular verbs, corrected here and there by the girl, while her father kept a suspicious eye on them.

"The recitation is satisfactory, is it not?" said Barbara.

"Excellent," said Monsieur Dalacqua, who had been thinking of something else.

"Then shall we proceed with the dictation?"

"Proceed."

She held out pen and paper. "But you can't write on your knee."

"Easily," said Casanova, "if your father will let me use that book on the table behind him."

When Monsieur Dalacqua turned his back to reach for the book, the bulky letter was deftly transferred to Barbara, who, using her wits, sat on it.

"Monsieur Dalacqua," said Casanova when the lesson was ended, "tomorrow I shall be unable to attend your class. As you know, it's the feast of Saint Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins."

THE demure Barbara laughed, and her father permitted himself a wry smile.

"For at least one day," said he, "the saints should have your attention. Will you pardon me if I don't accompany you to the door?"

"I'll go," said Barbara, somewhat too eagerly.

"Do, my child."

She was hoping for news, but when they were safe in the hall Casanova turned on her. "Where did you leave that letter?"

She raised her hand to her face in terror.

"If you didn't bring it with you, your father has doubtless noticed it on the chair."

He made his way to the door alone, rather pleased that he would never visit that house again, never see Barbara, never again be inconvenienced by that boy. Old Dalacqua was no fool. Good for him!

Refreshed by an afternoon nap, Casanova prepared for the evening. He shaved carefully. He dined well. Choice food, rare wine, and the foretaste of bliss—what more could life yield?

Then in good season he started for the Piazza della Minerva, still reluctant to order out his coach. Coachmen remember where they drive, and frequently they talk.

At the first cross street a figure stepped from the shadows and stood in his path.

"You again?"

"Me," said Barbara's young man. "Tonight I am resolved to commit suicide."

"Well," said Casanova, "for you it is probably the best course."

With that he continued his stroll, and the youth, having gazed disconsolately after him, turned back into the darkness. Casanova stopped and listened. The retreating footsteps sounded as though the boy were headed for the river.

LUCREZIA'S kisses would not mingle happily with the consciousness that Barbara's idiot, for want of a word from the wise, was just then drowning himself. At any other moment let him sink, but beatitude should be enjoyed with a clear palate. He could still reach the Piazza della Minerva by nine o'clock, if he hurried.

Near the Ponte di Ripetta the youth was leaning on the parapet, studying the muddy water.

"Your plan is excellent," said Casanova, with just a touch of sarcasm, "but I wish you would postpone it for one night."

The youth lifted eyes of sorrow. "Now is the time! The instinct of self-preservation holds me back, but my better judgment says it will be no easier tomorrow."

Casanova leaned on the parapet beside him. "Tonight then, if you have strong reasons for haste."

"Her father got hold of my letter," said the youth, "and all is over."

"I detect a gap in your logic," said Casanova. "I should put it, Monsieur Dalacqua found your letter and lost his temper."

"Worse than that! He's sending Barbara to a convent."

"Imprison a woman against her will, and you'll find how weak the walls are."

"You talk cleverly," said the youth, resting an elbow on the parapet and crossing his legs to be more comfortable. "For myself there is nothing but death."

"Doubtless you are right," said Casanova, "but I know that in your place I'd run off with her. An hour or so before the wagon comes from the convent. She would disappear, leaving no trace."

The youth stood squarely on both his feet. "How could I manage that?"

"She must disguise herself," said

Casanova. "And take no baggage—you can always buy garments at the first stopping place."

The youth collapsed again on the parapet. "No—impossible—I must die!"

"You have my best wishes," said Casanova. "An important duty calls me to another part of town or I should linger to ask what is impossible."

"I can't marry her."

"Have you a wife already?"

The youth looked offended. "Signor Casanova, my elder brother has a wife, and the family can support no more. I haven't a sou."

Casanova took from his pocket a gold piece. "If you would accept this and marry her at once, you've no idea how happy I'd be."

The effect was surprising. The young man drew back, as if dodging a blow. "You thought I asked for money?"

With that he was over the parapet and into the river. Casanova hesitated just long enough to curse the fool, then jumped in after him.

When he came up the would-be suicide was ten yards downstream, swimming vigorously toward the shore. The water was cold. When they reached the bank together their teeth were chattering.

"I was quite in the wrong," shivered the youth. "From one gentleman to another your offer of a loan was beyond criticism and should be accepted."

In the darkness there were voices and running feet.

"The watch," said Casanova, "will lend you a blanket, which is what you chiefly need. Have the goodness not to mention me."

Thereupon he shot through the night, a dripping shadow, to the portal of his astonished hotel, printed a muddy trail up to his room, stripped off his ruined things, swallowed a glass of brandy, rubbed himself dry, and went to bed. Lucrezia!

The concierge roused him at dawn. "Signor, the police have been here twice to inquire what you were doing in the river."

GO away," said Casanova, forcing on him the piece of gold which the young man had spurned. "I wish to sleep."

But at noon the concierge rapped again on the door to deliver an important letter. From Lucrezia. The news of his heroic rescue of a totally unknown man was on every one's lips, she said, in spite of his admirable modesty, and she blushed to recall the explanation of his absence which she had imagined. He must dine with her that very evening. Eight o'clock. She would expect no other reply than himself in person.

Well, that should teach you never to call your luck bad. The youth had unconsciously served the purposes of God. Casanova had his second-best suit ironed and told the coachman to bring the carriage around at half past seven.

Precisely at seven twenty-five there

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT OLD MT. RAINIER WAS A FIERY VOLCANO IN ANCIENT TIMES
—AND JUST THINK, NOW THERE ARE 28 GLACIERS FLOWING FROM ITS EXTINCT CRATER!
INSIDE A GLACIAL CAVE
THIS ICE CAVE IS ACTUALLY INSIDE A GLACIER
YES—AND I UNDERSTAND SOME OF THESE RIVERS OF ICE MOVE DOWN THE MOUNTAIN AS MUCH AS 18 INCHES A DAY
THAT'S CALLED NATURE SLIDING. THEIR TROUSERS HAVE A THICK COAT OF PARAFFIN ON THEM
SOME FUN, EH?
HOLD ON, CHUBBINS, WE'RE TAKING A CURVE!
HERE IS WINTER'S ETERNAL SURRENDER TO SPRING. LOOK AT THIS BRAVE LINE OF FLOWERS ONLY A LITTLE WAY FROM THAT GLACIER
WELL, DAD, LET'S MAKE WINTER FRIENDS WITH SPRING. WE'LL BUILD A SNOW MAN AND GIVE HIM A POSEY OF THESE PRETTY BLOSSOMS
THERE—ALL HE NEEDS IS YOUR PIPE, DAD, TO MAKE HIM LOOK REAL CONTENTED
TOO BAD HE CAN'T TASTE THE PRINCE ALBERT IN THAT PIPE
IF HE COULD, I'LL BET HE'D APPRECIATE PRINCE ALBERT'S SMOOTH, BITELESS SMOKING AND RICH, TASTY BODY!
A SNOW MAN OUGHT TO HAVE A COOL SMOKE, SO PRINCE ALBERT'S JUST THE THING!
38

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"THAT'S MY TOBACCO"—SAY THE 3 GREAT GROUPS OF PIPE-SMOKERS

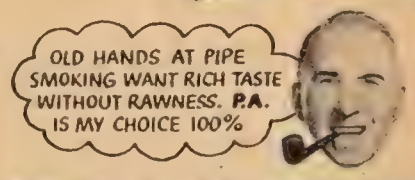
BEGINNERS

"THE NEW PIPE-SMOKER'S FRIEND"—I CALL PRINCE ALBERT! IT'S NO-BITE TREATED—NEVER HARSH

OCCASIONAL

WHAT A COMFORT TO GET ALL THE SWELL SMOKES I WANT. P.A.'S CRIMP CUT ASSURES SLOW, EVEN BURNING

REGULARS



TRY P. A. AT OUR RISK

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

GREAT IN "MAKIN'S" CIGARETTES, TOO

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

was a knock at his chamber door. He thought the concierge was announcing the equipage.

"I'll be down at once!"

The knock sounded again, and when he opened the door, a small man entered.

"Pardon me," said Casanova, "but I am going out!"

"So I understand," said the small man in a small voice. When he removed his hat, a fine head of hair flowed free. It was Barbara.

"We've just been arrested, rather near here. At least he was, but I slipped off. He'll guess where I'm hiding. In fact, we planned carefully, and I told him where I'd go for aid in case anything slipped. Don't miss your engagement on my account, Signor Casanova. I'll just wait here till he comes."

Casanova sank into a chair on one side of the table. The girl laid her coat on the bed, with her hat and gloves, and helped herself to the chair on the other side.

"My father," she said, resuming her story, "has been waiting for this moment. He has that kind of mind. If I hadn't eloped down a ladder he would never have believed in himself again."

Casanova studied her with unsympathetic eyes. "And you think your companion in flight can escape from your father and the Roman police?"

"He's coming for me the moment he's free."

"You may wait a long time."

"I don't mind."

"Well," said Casanova, putting on his own coat, "I've argued enough for one lifetime. Make yourself at home. There are books, if you care to read."

"Don't have me on your mind," said the girl politely. "I'll amuse myself."

On his way down he parted reluctantly with another gold piece and confided to the concierge that his nephew, just arrived in the city, would occupy his room in his absence and desired not to be disturbed. The concierge grinned most annoyingly.

Casanova sprang into the coach. "Piazza della Minerva! Drive fast!"

But when they were almost there he told the coachman to go back, and at the Hôtel d'Espagne he sprang out again.

"Wait here—I've forgotten something."

Barbara was stretched on the bed, gazing thoughtfully at the ceiling.

SO soon? I expected you'd be gone for hours."

"Young woman, this won't do! If they search for you here, they'll think only one thing of me! Haven't you some friend—not a man—who would take you in for the night?"

Barbara got off the bed, without stopping to smooth the covers, went over to the chair by the table, and settled herself for conversation.

"I told him to come to your room. Could you get word to him in the jail that I'm somewhere else?"

Casanova unbuttoned his coat and sat down. His famous endurance began to weaken under the variety of strains.

"If he's in jail he'll stay there!"

Barbara smiled. "I don't think so. Couldn't you get him out?"

Casanova thought hard. "I might give you a letter to the Cardinal."

"Oh, do you know the Cardinal?"

Casanova ignored the question. "I'll write it now!"

He sat at the desk where the jailed youth had once labored.

"There! This explains your trouble. I assure His Eminence of the innocence of your intentions, and implore him, as a favor to me, to take you under his protection, to pacify your father, and to perform the wedding ceremony himself. My coach happens to be at the door. If you go at once you will find the Cardinal just rising from his dinner table."

BARBARA considered all sides of it. "No—I'll present the letter tomorrow, if he's still in jail. He might come here while I was at the Cardinal's. No—it wouldn't be wise."

"Wise or not, you must go now!"

Her large eyes fastened on him.

"Signor Casanova, do you wish me to leave?"

"I wish nothing so much!"

"I can't. I'm sorry, but I feel I ought to stay."

A tall woman entered without knocking and closed the door behind her—a woman in street dress, an angry woman with a handsome face and flashing eyes.

"Has the accident occurred again?"

Casanova was standing. "Lucrezia, I beg—"

"Don't lie!" she said. "When you failed to appear, I imagined you had pneumonia from the exposure—if it was you who was exposed! I hurried to this room, adoring the hero who saved the youth at such cost to himself. And what do I find? I leave for Padua tonight. It will be useless to follow me!"

She forgot herself so far as to slam the door as she went out.

"She loses her temper, doesn't she?" said Barbara.

Casanova got out a bag and began to pack his clothes.

"She thought you saved somebody," said Barbara. "Who was he?"

Casanova continued to pack as he talked. "I made a serious mistake last night. That young man of yours jumped in the river and I helped get him out."

Barbara began to put on her coat. "Does pneumonia develop suddenly—after some time?"

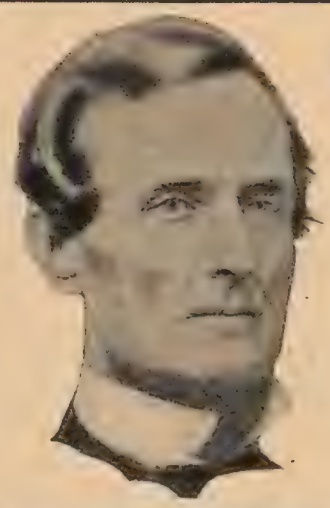
Casanova studied the bag, to find room for an embroidered waistcoat. "It might," he said at last. "The water was cold. But the jailer will know what to do."

"Oh, why didn't you tell me!"

He stood fixed in thought, with the waistcoat in his hand. He could hear her running down the stairs. Why *hadn't* he told her? The one effective technique—and he calling himself a master!

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—This week's early photo is of a West Point graduate who served his country as Representative, Senator, and Secretary of War. Although he never became President of the United States, he twice headed a new union. Who was he?

2—What is the oldest known toy?

3—Where will the U. S. establish the first national seashore park?

4—Which bird stays on the wing the longest?

5—Who wrote Anthony Adverse?

6—In which Canadian city did 3,000 tons of T. N. T. explode in 1917?

7—"Hussy" is what word shortened?

8—Is Deadwood Dick related to Deadeye Dick?

9—What first cousin of a cucumber is classified as a fruit?

10—Who outpointed Jack Dempsey, causing the ex-champ to end his comeback tour?

11—Was Frankenstein a monster?

12—The city editor of a London, England, newspaper is responsible for what kind of news?

13—About how many stars have graduated from the ranks of 45,000 Hollywood extras?

14—What is the T. C. T.?

15—Are men still better automobile drivers than women?

16—Is it true that frost causes leaves to change color in the fall?

17—Who in the Bible thought his conscience was in his kidneys?

18—What is the highest speed an airplane will ever be able to attain?

19—Who was it that asked: "What female heart can gold despise? What cat's averse to fish?"

20—What Bohemian musician and composer won popularity with his Stabat Mater?

(Answers will be found on page 31)

Crowds stormed the Farley waiting room. At intervals Big Jim would emerge.

CALL ME JIM

The private life of James A. Farley: a blithe, revealing saga of American politics and an American politician

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHEN lovely Roosevelt stoops to Farley— That's the way apologists for the New Deal would like to explain the continuing and increasing closeness of F. D. R. and the man who has been called "the stepchild of the New Deal."

It was natural, of course, that the President should be grateful to his election manager. It was traditional that he should show that gratitude by appointing him to the Postmaster-Generalship. But, say the precious and erudite who surround and sometimes threaten to engulf the New Deal, fun is fun.

To see an administration which started out with bedside chats from Raymond Moley and Felix Frankfurter turn into the stretch with Gypsum Jim toying almost daily with the White House breakfast china gives a distinct ache to the bulging foreheads.

"Mr. President," thunders Oswald Garrison Villard, "you were taught different things at Harvard. Your associations have always been of a different kind."

Yes, Mr. Villard; but a man who has been in politics thirty years, as Franklin Roosevelt has, learns many things that are not taught at Harvard, and forms associations that are sometimes painful to his Cambridge friends.

Capricorn the Goat is not so stylish an animal as Pegasus the Winged Horse, but is just as useful and gives more milk. Jim the handy man is the administration goat—and, as such, the most indispensable denizen of the Presidential barnyard.

"While Farley is maintained as a conspicuous figure," writes one shrewd commentator, "the seamy side of the New Deal is known as 'Farleyism.' If oblivion should overtake Farley it might become known as 'Roosevelt-ism.'"

"Them's cruel words"—but if an unprejudiced eye is cast on the stamp scandal or the air-mail scandal, or any of the other rocky spots on which Jim the Goat has been turned out to graze, the value to any Chief Executive of a competent strong-stomached ruminant becomes immediately apparent.

To be sure, it was Jim's own blundering that brought about the stamp situation. It was proper that he should

take the blame. But it was vitally important, too, that he should do so. If he hadn't acted quickly not only in taking the blame but in finding a way to stifle criticism, the President might have been subjected to the most painful kind of embarrassment.

The mail cases were even more in point. They were not of Jim's making. Yet, when the White House secretariat blandly announced that " the President would not interfere with Mr. Farley's decision," it once more eased the President out of another embarrassing position by putting the situation up to the man whose position of continuing power in the Roosevelt official family is due, at least in part, to his ability and willingness to " take it."

> The man who keeps a conscience pure
> (If not his own, at least his Prince's)
> Thro' toil and danger walks secure,
> Looks big and black and never winces.

In his homework, which is running the Democratic Party in the interests of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jim's big shoulders are also a convenient repository for blame.

When the Governor's friend Ed Flynn—Jim still calls F. D. R. the Governor—Democratic boss of the Bronx, put up " Holy Joe " McKee for mayor of New York on a so-called Recovery ticket, he asked and promptly received first aid from administration forces in Washington. But when it became clear that Holy Joe's recovery from the licking spunky little Fiorello LaGuardia was about to give him would be long and painful, the country was given to understand that the President was keeping his hands strictly off the New York mayoralty situation.

Jim Farley, who had been working his head off to help the President's pal Flynn, found himself out on the usual limb, singing his usual theme song, Taking the Rap for Roosevelt. But fate, in the person of an inquiring reporter, came to Jim's rescue this time. At the height of the Flynn-McKee excitement the President's friend and secretary, the late Louis McHenry Howe, was found, very much under wraps, in the Roosevelt house on East Sixty-fifth Street.

" I have neither seen nor communicated with anybody relative to the New York campaign since I've been here," he insisted.

Just then a maid entered the room. " Mr. Howe," she said, " Mr. Flynn is on the telephone again."

" What a coincidence! " murmured Mr. Howe.

Jim Farley got a big laugh out of that " coincidence." Usually, though, his position as royal burden bearer is not one to incite him to laughter. Especially is this true of his labors as Jobmaster General.

THERE is always a gold rush of the faithful at the beginning of every administration. But in 1933, with the country at the nadir of depression and the peak of unemployment, the situation was unparalleled.

Experienced Washington correspondents were appalled at the magnitude and delicacy of the task confronting the new occupant of the White House. " Men who would have thumbed their noses in the Coolidge boom of 1928," wrote one, " at a $5,000 federal job fought like jackals for a $2,000 billet with Uncle Sam in 1933." " One of the most persistent office seekers," reported another, " could have written a check for several millions during the Coolidge era; but now he will gladly serve under Franklin D. Roosevelt as night watchman of a bonded warehouse at $2,000 a year."

Mr. Roosevelt, during the campaign, had said that he would take care of the Forgotten Man. Now some five million forgotten men were demanding that he get busy and do it. To appease this ravenous army the President had at most 125,000 jobs exempt from civil service, and, for reasons of his own, he wasn't prepared to fill even those.

Three factors, at the beginning of his term, conditioned Franklin Roosevelt's attitude toward patronage: first, he was busy; second, he was playing for such high stakes in the economic rehabilitation of the country that the minor question of whether he gave jobs or withheld them could not materially affect the voters' ultimate verdict on his success or failure; third, he was determined to force his legislative program speedily through Congress, and he knew that the best possible way to accomplish it was to starve senators and representatives on patronage until they had delivered his goods.

Therefore, with influential members of Congress having as many as 5,000 applicants apiece who were bombarding them from back home for immediate action, the patronage situation in 1933 was not one in which an idol of the people could afford personally to become involved. It was a situation which demanded a goat—and Capricorn Jim, as usual, was tethered conspicuously on the administration's front lawn.

The boys were told that the President was keeping his hands off and that they would have to " see Jim." And Jim was told to treat 'em kindly and give 'em nothing. All of which made things just fine for Jim.

He couldn't step out of the elevator at the Mayflower

Emil Hurja, a big (218-pound) addition made by Jim to the Democratic machine.

Charlie Michelson, " the driving power of the machine as Jim inherited it."

Hotel without being mobbed not alone by applicants but by the leading figures of the Democratic Party. The plight of these worthies would have been tragic if it hadn't been so funny. One distinguished senator caused it to be announced that he was in seclusion; later dispatches chronicled his arrival in Michigan. The mails were promptly flooded with letters addressed to him at " Seclusion, Michigan." Another senator took his life in his hands and made a hurried trip back to his home state. Arriving, he wired his colleagues:

" Don't come home. It isn't safe."

Congressmen actually remained in Washington throughout the sizzling summer rather than " face the heat they knew would be turned on if they showed up with empty hands around the district clubhouse."

At the Post Office Department, a cathedral of the motion picture would scarcely have provided seating capacity for the crowds that daily and continuously stormed the Farley waiting room. At thirty-minute intervals Big Jim would emerge from the holy of holies and make the rounds of the throng. The stories he heard in those crowded days—the old man who had arrived in the capital with only one shirt, the old lady with only a one-way ticket—would have touched the heart of a less sentimental man than James A. Farley, would have broken the spirit of a man less strong.

" How Jim bears up under the constant strain," an observer said, " is a political and biological mystery."

How efficiently he did the job that had been set for him is shown in the figures: 5,000,000 deserving Democrats were clamoring for jobs; 125,000 jobs were available for filling; but, thanks to Gibraltar Jim, only 272 civil appointments were made by Mr. Roosevelt during that crucial first session of Congress, and almost all of these were to high administrative positions which could not be left vacant and which really did not come under the head of patronage.

Having taken the blame for holding back patronage, Jim now prepared to take the blame for letting it go—and thereby hangs a tale.

One of the neatest satirical bits in modern political history is the fact that the efficient National Democratic Committee machine of Franklin D. Roosevelt and James Aloysius Farley was built, and for a long time financed, by John J. Raskob, Al Smith's angel-friend, and Jouett Shouse, now head of the anti-Roosevelt Liberty League.

The driving power of this machine, before the Hon. Jim took hold, was Charlie Michelson, " the Hoover gadfly." Previous party press agents had contented themselves with issuing boastful bulletins from time to time, which nobody believed and which every intelligent managing editor marked " Page 19; omit if necessary."

Charlie, who is a brother of a scientist who won a Nobel Prize, and of a sister who enthralled thousands with books like In the Bishop's Carriage, and who is a great guy in his own right, had a better idea. He wrote speeches, not bulletins—good speeches, arresting speeches; and he issued them not through mimeographs to the press but through the lips of nationally known senators and party leaders. As such they made the first page of every newspaper in the land.

Yes, Jim Farley inherited a good machine, and he made it a great one when he added the before-mentioned Mr. Emil Hurja, six-foot-one-and-one-half-inch, 218-pound son of a Finnish miner in Crystal Falls, Michigan. It was the " crystal gazer of Crystal Falls " who evolved the statistical system whereby Chairman Farley was able to know in advance within a few hundred votes the probable vote for Hoover and for Roosevelt in each election district in the campaign of 1932; and it was this same Hurja whom Jim Farley took to Washington to help bring order out of the patronage chaos.

Together the big Finn and the big Gael worked out the most complete system for dealing with political office seekers that has ever been contrived. For example, John Doe has applied for a job; he is vouched for as O. K. by Senator So-and-so. But how about Senator So-and-so? Is he O. K. too? Jim turns to the senator's file: was he FRBC (for Roosevelt before Chicago) and did he vote right on Roosevelt bills while Congress was in session? If the answers to these questions are yes, John Doe's card goes into the file marked " Eligible for Appointment."

BUT is he appointed? Not until Jim has consulted another file marked " States." Here is listed the number of jobs to which each state is entitled on the basis not of population but of political value to the Roosevelt cause; also the number of jobs each state has already received. All this is worked out in fine-tooth detail: the state that gets more than its share of big jobs gets less than its share of little ones, etc.

Finally, if there is room for John Doe in his state's quota, he is given a letter to a head of a department or agency or project, written on white, buff, or blue paper. White means that John Doe is just a deserving Democrat and should have a job if there is one lying around; buff means that John's services to the party should be rewarded if it is at all possible; and blue means that he is a " must " man, to be taken care of pronto.

It was this system which earned for Jobmaster Farley the sobriquet of Jim the Bookkeeper.

While one half of the Farley brain was working on the problem of finding the " right " men, the other half was unearthing new and better jobs. The alphabetical agencies helped a lot. Without them Jim would have been sunk. But he didn't rely wholly on these presumably temporary sources of supply. He called for copies of all

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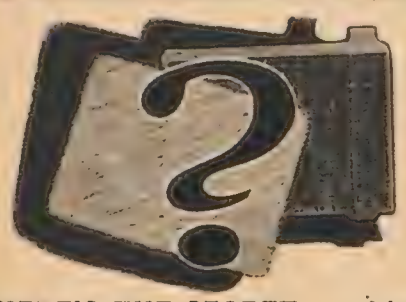

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government pay rolls and set his sleuths to work in every opening that seemed promising.

"I am an old baseball player," Jim explained, "and I like to call things straight. Any Republican on the exempt list has a chance of reappointment—but he has two strikes on him. . . . If there is a Democrat just as well qualified, that Democrat will get the job."

Asked if nurses in veterans' hospitals would be fired to make room for Democratic Florence Nightingales, he replied, "I know a lot of capable Democratic nurses."

When that eminent bookman, Representative Jim McClintic of Oklahoma, charged down on the Jobmaster with the bright idea that the bespectacled bibliographers in the Library of Congress suspected of being Republicans be thrown out, Mr. Farley gave the matter his usual respectful consideration. Though no bibliophile himself, Jim finally decided that the intricacies of Homer and Virgil, Sanskrit and Nipponese might exceed the powers of "the boys" around the Sixth Ward clubhouse.

"But," he said, in a quick return to form, "there are two hundred Republicans riding horses along the Mexican border, and I know some good Democrats who can ride horses just as well."

Jim's defense of his personal attitude in these matters is contained in his favorite expression, "I'm no hypocrite"—which is certainly true. His defense of the spoils system in general may be less easy to accept at its face value, but is not without force: "The most important thing in any organization — industrial, governmental, or political—is the loyalty of its workers. We are more likely to get that loyalty for the administration if we appoint Democrats than if we appoint Republicans. They work for a higher thing than mere self; they want to have the party and the principles it stands for succeed."

JIM says George Washington felt the same way he does about such things. He quotes him as saying: "I shall not, whilst I have the honor of administrating the government, bring men into any office of consequence knowingly whose political tenets are adverse to the measures the general government is pursuing; for this, in my opinion, would be a sort of political suicide."

Abraham Lincoln Jim also claims as a buddy. Abe, he says, made an 89-per-cent clean sweep when his administration came in. This beats Jim's own record; but Jim consoles himself with the thought that Lincoln didn't have the Civil Service Commission on his trail.

So much, so good. But when Jim finally got the word to go ahead and put his loyalty program into effect, he ran into a stone wall erected by none other than his dear (cross-the-throat) friends, the lady and gentlemen of Franklin Roosevelt's Cabinet.

As first announced, the New Deal Cabinet contained only one politician in addition to Jim: old Dan Roper of the Department of Commerce, whose chief job has been to throw out all the experts who fed Herbert Hoover that stuff about prosperity or what have you being just around the corner. Wee Willie Woodin, Secretary of the Treasury and author of that immortal ditty,

> Oh, hear the happy bluebirds singing in the rain.
> They're singing to the rainbow shining there again.
> So let us be like bluebirds, happy all day long,
> Forgetting all our troubles in a sunny song.

had possibilities. He wasn't a politician, but he was a poet, and Jim loves poetry. He and Woodin would have got along fine if Woodin hadn't died. That let in Morgenthau, no poet, and didn't help Jim a bit.

THE Grim Reaper was kinder to the Jobmaster when he removed old Tom "Teapot Dome" Walsh almost on the day of his wedding to the dashing Cuban beauty, and genial understanding Homer Cummings succeeded Walsh in the Attorney General's office. Homer had been a National Chairman himself, and knew what hell it was. As an act of mercy, he wholeheartedly co-operated.

Madam Secretary Perkins and those two strayward former Republicans, Farm Editor Wallace and Honest Harold Ickes, proved more difficult. Harry Wallace is the nicest fellow. All he asks is to be left alone to plow and underplow. So Jim left him alone—so far as his own department was concerned. The CCC, however, although theoretically an Agricultural Department project, was less immediately under the Secretary's sensitive nose. Working quietly through trusty Special Assistant Julian Friant, Jim has been able to make sure that a goodly portion of that worthy organization's 30,000 supervisors and technicians supervise and technicize in the good old Democratic way.

Secretary of Labor Perkins was, at first, obdurate. She absolutely refused to accept experienced Ed McGrady as her chief of staff. Much more than patronage was at stake here; for, as months passed, one Department of Labor faux pas after another held the front page. The Democratic high command was breathing hard. But good old Jim came through as usual. He so arranged matters that Madam Secretary met the personable Mr. McGrady wherever she went—and the more she saw of him the better she liked him. Result: Assistant Secretary McGrady proved to be—until a month ago, when he resigned—a great help not only to the Department of Labor but to Jim.

Jim's most difficult social conquest, however, was Honest Harold Ickes of the Interior Department, czar of the PWA, who as a former Bull Moose would have no traffic with an Elk.

Whereupon Mr. Emil Hurja became one of Washington's most persistent diners out, and found himself almost nightly in close juxtaposition to Secretary Ickes. Harold was impressed. And soon, to the surprise of all and sundry—except Jim—Honest Harold was begging the Finn to accept a post in the Interior Department.

Said Harold, "The opinion I have formed of Mr. Hurja from my contacts with him since coming to Washington is that he can be a very useful man in administrative work."

Useful? With all those PWA jobs to be given out? Ask Jim.

So, in one way and another, the Jobmaster has fed the hungry. He has even slaked the thirst of the bloodthirsty. Congressmen who threatened to secede from the Spoilsmen's Union when Jim first put in his bookkeeping system have since seen that the Farley plan pays dividends at the polls.

Most important of all, from Jim's standpoint, he has pleased the Governor, meaning F. D. R.

And the Governor had better be pleased; for Jim has taken a delicate and embarrassing situation, which threatened to bring down on his commander in chief the ill will of the members of his own party, both big and little, and has so maneuvered it as to build for the future not necessarily a great and lasting Democratic machine but certainly a great and lasting Roosevelt machine.

HOW smoothly it works was shown in the 1936 campaign. There would seem to be no reason why it should not work with equal smoothness—even in the face of threatened Congressional revolt—in 1940. If it does, it will enable Franklin Roosevelt to name his successor, who may be himself. On many counts, therefore, Jim Farley has earned his White House breakfasts.

And after breakfast, what? The Governorship at Albany? Perhaps.

The Presidency? That's a nice job, too.

A great big private position at a great big salary? Well, Bessie Farley rather scotched that idea—at least, as to Mr. Hearst's reputed offer of $200,000 a year—when she was reported as saying:

"Tell him the Farleys aren't Roosevelts."

As for Jim, his Irish heart isn't in any of these looming possibilities—not right now. He is worried about the Elks' clubhouse at Haverstraw, which the hard-hearted mortgage people took over during the depression, and about Brother Tom, who, without Jim to do the "contacting," just doesn't seem to be able to get himself elected to anything. Then, too, there is the recurring urge to tuck Bessie under one arm and the three kids under the other and

Thro' Erin's Isle
To sport awhile.

But, of course, if the voters insist—well, you know Jim, Good Old Jim!

THE END

WORLD'S MOST POPULAR LAXATIVE

SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED!

EX-LAX NOW BETTER THAN EVER!

FOR OVER 30 years, millions of people have been proclaiming Ex-Lax "the ideal laxative" . . . "Ex-Lax is *everything* a good laxative should be!" they told us.

But, in the world of science, there are no such words as "good enough." Skilled chemists are constantly at work, seeking new means of making good products *better!* And in the Ex-Lax laboratories the "impossible" has been accomplished!

After a long period of patient effort, a way has been found actually to *improve* Ex-Lax . . . to make it *even better* than ever before. A more satisfactory and efficient laxative in every way!

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Ex-Lax won't upset your system or disturb your digestion. It won't cause stomach pains, nausea or weakness. Ex-Lax affords as near a natural bowel movement as any laxative can give.

If you are suffering from headaches, biliousness, or that dull "blue" feeling so often caused by constipation—you'll *feel better* after taking Ex-Lax! And you'll be grateful for the absence of "forcing" and strain that make the action of a harsh cathartic such an unpleasant experience.

Your druggist now has the new Scientifically Improved Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes! *The box is the same as always—but the contents are better than ever!* Get a box today!

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Now Improved—Better than Ever

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

BY DONALD THOMPSON

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

AS he made his entrance, Lance Norton heard the little ripple that ran through the audience. It thrilled him, as it always had, the stir of expectation, the murmur of inaudible comment, the electric tension that an actor senses when he is going over.

From the corner of his eye he saw two familiar faces in the front row, Miller of the Register and Wayne of the Tribune. He caught their eyes and his own twinkled a greeting. No outward move, but his eyes conveyed their message.

He smiled wryly, that crooked half-smile that had so endeared him to his feminine fans, as he visualized the notices in the papers: "Star of Screen Takes Last Bow." "Curtain Falls for Stage Star." "Lance Norton Makes Farewell Appearance."

There was to be no making and repeating farewell tours, each one a little more pathetic than the last. Now, in the height of his career, he was through.

And he was glad. Nothing had mattered since he had learned of Irene's treachery. That woman he had married had robbed him of health, of ambition, of his very joy in living. She had been beautiful in a way, but her beauty was only a mask that hid a shallow mind with no thought of anything but the desires of the moment and no scruples as to the means by which those desires were fulfilled.

As he crossed to his position, his smile broadened ironically. He, Lance Norton, sophisticated lover of the stage and screen, whose magnetism for women had made him a sure-fire box-office draw, had been just an idealistic little lonely boy at heart, and he had wasted his great capacity for love on a vain, selfish woman, a woman incapable even of honesty. And she had failed him.

He had reached his position now and stopped. As he faced about, he looked out over the audience. They were quiet, to a man. All attention, a hush hung over them. Waiting.

Well, they'd not be disappointed. It was an impressive scene—played almost entirely without words. A good cast, he thought, to hold them like that with pantomime. It was a good cast, all but that big fellow with the floppy black hat. He looks like a caricature of a small town sheriff, Norton's thought ran on, and he's nervous. What's he got to be nervous about? Must be an amateur.

Norton wasn't nervous, but crowds were an old story to him. Forty years old, his carriage erect, his head held high, his voice vibrant, there was no sign of his recent illness.

Every reflex co-ordinated, he was walking through his part with the assurance of the old trouper. He took a step forward and noted that there was a trapdoor in the floor. It had been years since he'd seen a trap in the stage. In the old barnstorming days every theater had one. Many a show he'd played on a stage bare of even a ground cloth. Norton was glad that his lines were few. It gave him time to think. Not that the last few years, despite his successes, were pleasant to think about, but he did have happy memories of the old days—the days before he met Irene.

THE man at his side mumbled something. These actors of the modern theater, of which Lance had made himself a part—they wouldn't have been called actors in those old days when the louder you could talk the better actor you were.

A faint flicker of anger stirred Lance. The fellow was out of position; he should have been further downstage. Upstage him, would he? He'd play the scene against the backdrop if necessary. But he did not move. After all, what did it matter?

The man mumbled again. That was his cue! Lance answered.

"No," he said.

A single word with just the right tonal quality to hold the tensity of the scene. Automatically his brain registered that he was holding them. The audience was breathless with suspense.

For a moment the old familiar feeling of unreality came to him as it had so often in the past. Was this he, Lance Norton, standing here? He felt that he was out there in the audience, detached, and looking at this personality here as he would at a stranger. Never in all his years on the stage had he escaped that recurring sensation. He'd felt it the first night back of the footlights, and here it was again at his last public appearance.

Two men in costume approached. This was another cue. Just a piece of business this time. He eyed them with an air of bravado, smiled, and threw away the cigarette he was smoking. His eyes noted where it fell. Years of carefully stepping on cigarettes backstage had made him nervous about throwing lighted cigarettes into the wings.

And still the audience was breathless. A great part, this. A really starring role where he dominated the scene with a glance, a gesture.

More business. One of these clumsy dolts was awkward. He fumbled. The other man came to his aid and then they both stepped back. Norton knew that the eyes of the crowd were still centered on him.

He remembered Irene's eyes, her faithless, lying lips, as he had last seen them, still in death and reflecting that startled look of stark terror, stamped indelibly there by the smoking pistol in his hand.

The man in the floppy black hat raised his arm, the trap in the floor dropped. Lance Norton swung off into space and the final curtain fell for him.

As the crowd, a little shaken by the spectacle, straggled out of the prison yard, Wayne of the Tribune paused a moment beside Miller of the Register.

"He was game," he said. "Never moved a muscle when that awkward guard had trouble adjusting the rope. You know, it kind of got me when he looked at us. Like he was saying good-by."

"Hangings always get me," said Miller. "But he acted like he was playing a part all the time, and it was one grand performance. He always was a swell actor."

THE END

College à la Hollywood

A sprightly campus interlude brings some newcomers to the films—Fish climb trees in Martin Johnson's farewell opus, and Ramon Novarro returns

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ VARSITY SHOW

THE PLAYERS: Dick Powell, Fred Waring, Ted Healy, Priscilla Lane, Rosemary Lane, Walter Catlett, Johnny Davis, Buck and Bubbles, Lee Dixon, Sterling Holloway, Mabel Todd, Scotty Bates, George McFarland, Poley McClintock, Halliwell Hobbes, Roy Atwell, Emma Dunn, Ben Welden. Screen play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macauley, Sig Herzig, and Warren Duff from a story by Mr. Herzig and Mr. Duff. Directed by William Keighley. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 122 minutes.*

THIS runs entirely too long but it has a certain youthful sprightliness and it presents a number of new personalities fresh to pictures.

Alumnus Dick Powell assisting, the Quadrangle Club of Winfield College rehearses a number—a scene from Varsity Show.

If you know your radio, you know your Fred Waring and his associates. They are all here, and at least several of them win permanent places in Hollywood.

The plot? The Quadrangle Club of freshwater Winfield College is in the doldrums. Its annual show bids fair to be a flop and the boys and girls decide to call upon a famous alumnus, Chuck Daly, now a Broadway stage producer, for help. The call comes to Chuck in the nick of time, for he is on the verge of bankruptcy and needs the money and the breathing interlude it provides.

Dick Powell is the son of Winfield who has become an insolvent Broadway luminary. You will find Fred Waring as a young instructor with a penchant for conducting the college orchestra, Priscilla and Rosemary Lane as two fair daughters of Winfield, and Johnny Davis as a jazzy freshman. We suspect Hollywood will retain both the Lanes and Mr. Davis. You will like Ted Healy as the producer's tough assistant.

VITAL STATISTICS: According to Hollywood college films, campuses are crammed with lovely co-eds who dance like the wind, male students on the general intellectual plane of a chorus boy, football heroes who win the game in the last two minutes of play. In their off hours the co-eds all dress in the daintiest and most houri of negligees, all profs are bores, the campus is overrun by gamblers who want the star ¼-back to throw the big game. Or there's murder on the campus, solved by a cutie in a tight-fitting petting sweater. . . . Mount View, Arkansaw's Richard E. Powell is now 33, married to Joan Blondell. He's nuts about flying, he can play any instrument that requires wind except the bagpipes. Lives well but conservatively, is putting a little aside for a rainy day. The little amounts to about $7,500 a week when he's broadcasting. Is a candid-camera fiend of the sneak variety. . . . Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians really got organized in Pennsylvania, which is more than you can say for Rudy Vallée's Conn. Yanks, who have never been to Connecticut nor are they Yankees. Born in Tyrone, Pa., Fred and Tom Waring, Fred Buck and the frog-voiced drummer Poley McClintock lived on the same block, went to Penn State, failed to make the Glee Club with their two banjos, drums, and piano playing, decided to organize a jazz band. Their first job in 1919 netted them $10; they got $150,000 for Varsity Show, biggest money ever paid any one except Whiteman. . . . Priscilla and Rosemary Lane are sisters to film actress Lola Lane, are from the taller Iowa corn, and from earliest childhood strained to come out of it and into the limelight. Rosemary studied music at Indianola, Iowa's Simpson College. Priscilla studied at the Fagin Drahma School. The girls were auditioning one day in tinpanny alley, Waring happened to be present, stepped up, introduced himself, and hired them forthwith as singers. . . . Mabel Todd is a Los Angelene, is really pretty but made her hit as an ugly duckling in vodvil. You'll find her behind wispy hair and horn rims in this.

* Recommended for children.

★ ★ BORNEO

Scenic produced by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson. Continuity by Lew Lehr and Russell Shields. Narrated by Lowell Thomas. Supervised by Truman Talley. Released by 20th Century-Fox. Running time, 73 minutes.*

IN this there is an underlying element of tragedy. It was the last picture those two redoubtable travelers, Martin and Osa Johnson made before an airplane tragedy in civilized America killed the exploring cameraman and left his injured wife a widow. It has the usual Johnson ingenuity of subject.

You see fish that climb trees, snakes that fly, oysters growing on trees, the capture of a giant orangutang, a search for bird nests for Chinese soups, afternoon tea with head-hunters.

The astute gentlemen who are releasing the film felt that it needed something besides the explanatory voice of Lowell Thomas. They added, here and there, intervals of so-called comic chatter by the dialectician, "Professor" Lew Lehr.

VITAL STATISTICS: Under influence of Jack London's books, Martin Johnson ran away from home at 14, returned eventually, started a fan correspondence with London, was rewarded by being taken along on London's famous cruise of the Snark. Was 16 at the time, cranked London's ancient camera, got idea that animals can be photographed as well as shot. In 1910 married Osa Leighty, honeymooned on London's California ranch, then for two years they operated a chain of nickelodeons and toured the Western states showing London's filmed Cruise of the Snark, Johnson lecturing. In 1912 they visited South Seas, made their own film, Cannibal of the South Seas, start of a long, happy, profitable, and successful career that combined fortuitously with marriage. Did their last two African safaris via self-purchased Sikorsky liners camouflaged to keep them inconspicuous in the jungles—not frighten off animals, allow opportunities to use the cameras. . . . Johnsons have done much to debunk the storybook terrors of the world's jungles. Have been in plenty of tight spots but also have photographed lions from about eight feet. For first time took automatic refrigeration along with them and gave wild men of Borneo first sight and taste of ice in any form. Also had bathtubs, typewriters, hair-curling machines for Mrs. Johnson, electricity hook-up with motor. In their lives together Johnsons traveled about half a million miles, shot a couple of million feet of film. Mrs. Johnson is now in Africa, getting Stanley-Livingstone shots. . . . Lowell Thomas made his big repute by being Lawrence of Arabia's friend and explainer for the masses. Has been broadcasting news for half a dozen years. The squire of Pawling, N. Y., he broadcasts world events from his barn, is a mountain mover, a soft-ball enthusiast, has a few swimming pools, a silver fox and mink farm, an athletic stadium.

* Recommended for children.

MEN—*Listen to These Facts*—

First. Faces are *not* alike. Some tend toward oiliness, some toward dryness; hardly any are neither oily nor dry.

Second. These two types of skin obviously need different shaving creams. Oily skin needs a cream that *removes* oil from beard and face...so that the lather can soak into whiskers and wilt them completely, while it also clears the complexion of excess oil. But *dry* skin needs a cream that'll *conserve* the skin-oils, while it wilts the beard

Third. It's only sensible to try *both* types of cream to see which one fits *your* face. Who makes them? Mennen. *Lather* Shave for oily skin; *Brushless* for dry skin. Try them both—one will give you an easier, closer, sweeter shave...leave your face feeling fitter, looking handsomer.

Use that coupon!

Send for the
MENNEN
SKIN TESTER KIT
5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.:— Dept. L. 10-16

I want to try *both* your shaves. Ship me your Skin Tester Kit—containing demonstration sizes of your Lather and Brushless creams; also Skin Bracer, Talcum for Men and Skin Balm. I'm sending 10¢.

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★ ★ THE SHEIK STEPS OUT

THE PLAYERS: Ramon Novarro, Lola Lane, Gene Lockhart, Kathleen Burke, Stanley Fields, Billy Bevan, Charlotte Treadway, Robert Coote, Leonid Kinsky, Georges Renavent, Jamiel Hasson, C. Montague Shaw, George Sorel. Screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by Irving Pichel. Produced by Republic Pictures. Running time, 66 minutes.

THE Sahara, a mysterious hard-riding white-robed sheik, and his prisoner, a lovely girl in distress. All the old sentimental ingredients for a romance of the hot drifting sands—but somehow the whole thing seems dated. Apparently we have outgrown the glamour of the burning desert.

This is a comeback effort for Ramon Novarro, who has been away about two and a half years. His work here is the best of the cast, indicating that he can come back, once he gets the right material. Lola Lane is the headstrong American girl he steals—and she is merely so-so. Remember the "panther girl," Kathleen Burke? She's here, too.

VITAL STATISTICS. In 1935 smooth-browed, patent-leather handsome, perennially boyish Ramon Novarro asked for and got his release from M-G-M servitude @ about $5,000 a week. He'd earned a fortune, he'd been starring since 1921, he was sick of it all, he'd been cinema tops for years but now his pix weren't going so well. Always an aesthete, for the past two years Ramon has devoted himself to his soul: he's tried piano and singing concerts, also opera in South America and abroad. With but moderate success. His loyal fans still clamoring wistfully for him, and the celluloid never quite having left his blood, he's back for a second crack at the heights. Ramon was born José Ramon Gil Samaniegos at Durango, Mehiho. His dentist father had to rush the entire large Novarro group across the border when the Huerta revolution deprived him of his fortune and put his life in danger. In Los Angeles, Ramon, who'd had a fancy parochial Mehiho City education, was forced to grocer clerk, give piano lessons, to help gather the family beans. Studied aesthetic dancing on the side. Got into movies when Rex Ingram picked him out of Edev Horton stock at the Hollywood Community Playhouse in 1921. A sort of soulful Valentino with Boy Scout naïveté and likability, Novarro soared skyward for M-G-M, doing Prisoner of Zendas, Ben Hurs, Student Princes; made millions for them, worked for them alone during his captivity. Has never married. . . . Gene Lockhart started as a kiltie bagpipe player at six in Toronto, was feeding lines to Bee Lillie at 15, can write, direct, fashion clever lyrics, teach music, act, and do air shows. . . . Kathleen Burke was the Panther Woman in Island of Lost Souls but got seasick riding the camels in the desert scenes, as did the rest of the cast. . . . You pronounce it Shake, not Sheek, in case you care.

★ ★ GANGWAY

THE PLAYERS: Jessie Matthews, Barry Mackay, Olive Blakeney, Liane Ordeyne. Patrick Ludlow, Nat Pendleton, Noel Madison, Alastair Sim, Doris Rogers, Laurence Anderson, Blake Dorn, Graham Moffatt, Peter Gawthorne, Henry Hallatt, Warren Jenkins. Screen play by Lesser Samuels from a story by Dwight Taylor. Directed by Sonnie Hale. Produced by Gaumont-British. Running time, 88 minutes.

YOUR Beverly Hills suspects that the British intended to satirize the American gangster in this comedy melodrama which lapses frequently into sudden song and dance. Jessie Matthews is a London reporter who is sent out to get a movie-star interview, gets involved with international jewel thieves, ends up in the hands of Manhattan gangsters.

Miss Matthews is a cute British newshound, Nat Pendleton almost steals the film as a dumb American gangster.

This film jolly well depends upon your capacity for assimilating British humor and all that sort of thing, don't you know.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jessie Matthews is most consistent moneymaker for British films and only English filmarvel who can charm us picture after picture. Was born of a large, poor family, owes it all to an older sister who taskmastered her into being a great dancer, singer, and actress. Sister taught her elocution, entered her in an elocution contest, burned up when Jessie only took third place. Without influence or friends, she used her native intelligence, ability, frankness, and a huge

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FOR THE BEST SHORT SHORT **$1,000** FOR THE NEXT BEST **$500** FOR FIVE MORE **$100** EACH

Similar awards to the authors of seven recent short shorts were announced in Liberty for April 17. These are new bonuses, for the period from June 1 to December 31. As before, stories will be bought and paid for on acceptance as usual; on publication in any issue of Liberty within the time designated each author will become automatically eligible for a bonus. Authors will be designated for this honor by the editors of Liberty upon the basis of the interest, originality, and unexpectedness of denouement of their stories. This is not a contest. All writers are eligible.

Manuscripts should be addressed to Short Short Editor, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. They will be bought on their merits.

Manuscripts cannot be returned unless a self-addressed and stamped envelope is attached.

man's umbrella to attract attention and get understudy part to Gertie Lawrence in the Charlot's Revue imported to New York. Played Lawrence part when Gertie sickened, became leading London musicomedy miss thereafter. Turned down Hollywood offers, became English star instead. She's 30, childless, isn't a raving beauty but admits it. That coach dog in this is her own, answers to the name Psmith. . . . Nat Pendleton plays his first role abroad. Spread wisecracks and light on the GB stages, had to teach American slang and pronunciation to local British actors playing American cops and robbers. Actually doubles in voice for some of the British toughs. . . . Scar-pussed shifty-eyed Noel Madison is Yiddish actor Maurice Moskowski's boy, a Princeton grad, Theater Guilder. Despite his tough-mug-you'd-love-to-smash, Noel has a fancy English and Lausanne education. Knows his way about teacups, classics, and the arts. Got the name from Coward and a street in New York. . . . Barry Reay-Mackay has settled down to permanent employment as The Matthews' leading man, screen debutting opposite her in Evergreen.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola, A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous.

★★★½—100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live, Maytime.

★★★—The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town, Seventh Heaven, Call It a Day, History Is Made at Night.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 22

1—Jefferson Davis (1808-89).
2—A doll.
3—On five islands off the coast of North Carolina.
4—The chimney swift (hummingbirds often alight).
5—Hervey Allen.
6—Halifax, Nova Scotia.
7—Housewife.
8—Apparently not, since Deadwood Dick is a dime-novel hero; whereas Dick Deadeye is the villain of Gilbert and Sullivan's Pinafore. (Robert Dickey, Western trapper and fur dealer, is said to have inspired the character of Deadwood Dick.)
9—The melon . . . and a cucumber is the *fruit* of a vine.
10—Kingfish Levinsky, in August, 1932.
11—No, the soulless monster in Mary Shelley's story was not given a name; the monster's creator was Mr. Frankenstein.
12—Financial.
13—Five.
14—The Tin Can Tourists of the World, pioneer organization of auto-trailer nomads.
15—Yes, according to a survey conducted by the American Automobile Association.
16—No; the most beautiful colorations are produced when autumn frosts are tardy.
17—The Psalmist, Psalms 73:21—"Thus my heart was grieved, and I was pricked in my reins." Also Psalms 16:7—" . . . my reins also instruct me in the night seasons." (The word "reins" comes from the Latin, *renes*, kidneys.)
18—Seven hundred miles an hour, according to tests made by scientists, who predict a maximum speed of about 3,000 miles an hour for rocket ships.
19—Thomas Gray (1716-71).
20—

Antonin Dvořák

My Mother told me

We'd be doing the dishes, or sewing, or just chatting! And she would talk about her married life, about *her* mother, about woman's part in building a home. She'd say such things as:

"Men love to play . . ."

"It's easy to be happy and contented if you feel well . . ."

"Women can be fun . . ."

"It's simple to go '*smiling through*' . . ."

Today I see the picture she was trying to paint for me. I *know* that a well woman makes a good wife; and that a good wife makes a happy home. And more than anything, perhaps, I appreciate her showing me how to go "smiling through" with Lydia Pinkham's.

. . . .

For three generations mother has told daughter, friend has told friend about Lydia Pinkham's—has explained that the ordeals of a woman's life are often unnecessarily accompanied with pain*—that women are not meant to suffer—that splitting heads, edged nerves, and dull aches can usually be lessened if your system is toned up properly.

As evidence, we offer hundreds of thousands of letters written to us by women telling how they were benefited by the use of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than sixty years, this wonderful product has been aiding women in every walk of life. Please try a bottle of the Compound. It may help you, also, to go "smiling through."

*For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts (functional disorders) which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HUGH FARRAGUT, New York's special prosecutor for rackets in the year 1940, is out to smash the powerful crime ring that menaces the country. His job is made doubly hard because the chief of the ring is Happy Harold James, father of Dorrie, the girl Farragut loves. James is a wily politician and, although nominally a Democrat, Farragut suspects that he is plotting to get control of the strong new Forward Party. In order to fight him from within, the special prosecutor supports Frank J. Winters, the Forward Party's candidate for President.

Speaking at a pre-election rally, Farragut announces that he will name several prominent men whom he knows to be behind the crime ring. Before he can go on, however, he is shot from the audience. His assailant escapes.

While Farragut is in the hospital, Winters wins the election and offers the young man the Attorney-Generalship. Farragut accepts, but he is at the moment more interested in finding Dorrie, who has disappeared. When one of his investigators discovers that she is in a Long Island retreat for the insane—a place controlled by her own father—Farragut goes down, threatens the doctor in charge with a subpoena, and takes Dorrie away. They plan to marry at once; but when the girl tells her father, he has a sudden attack of illness and she postpones the wedding to nurse him.

Sometime later, Dorrie and Farragut drive to Long Island to get the girl's luggage. A car follows them and, before they reach the asylum, a man hands Dorrie a paper to sign. "For Mr. James. To prove you got here safe," he explains. Apparently Happy believes that his daughter is in danger!

Meanwhile, back in New York, James sheds his fake illness and telephones instructions to the asylum. Then he sits back and waits. If his strategy succeeds, Farragut will take Dorrie out of the country at once, career or no career, and Happy will be rid of a formidable enemy.

PART V—THE MYSTERY OF THE PALISADES

EVIDENTLY following orders, the gateman admitted Hugh and Dorrie without parley. Magill and Wilde waited outside. On the way to Dorothy's suite the fiancés encountered Dr. Courtenay Tell, who, after a courteous greeting, accompanied them.

This did not please Hugh. "It will not be necessary for you to stay here, Dr. Tell."

"Pardon me; it will. A rule of the institution. No private interviews with patients."

"Miss James is no longer a patient."

"My understanding is to the contrary."

"Do you intend to use compulsion?"

"I am informed that Miss James' interests will be best conserved by her remaining here," returned the alienist pompously.

Dorothy intervened before Hugh's wrath burst: "Could Mrs. Slogage take your place, Dr. Tell?"

"I see no objection." The doctor withdrew.

One look at Honor Slogage's candid face, one grip of that mighty hand, went far to convince Hugh of her character and competence.

"This is a real friend, Hugh."

"I can believe it."

"I've been hoping you'd come, Mr. Farragut," said the athlete in a low tone. She passed from window to window, scanning the ground below. Taking a chair, she drew it to the center of the floor, motioning the others to do the same. Hugh was rather amused at the effect of melodrama, but his amusement died in contemplation of the woman's gravity.

"Miss James trusts me," she began.

"Implicitly," confirmed the girl.

"That's enough for me," said Hugh.

"What are your plans for Dorothy?" Unconsciously and for the first time she used the girl's given name.

"To take her back to New York and marry her. Right, Dorrie?"

Dorrie moved to the arm of his chair, resting her cheek on his head. "Yes," she confirmed with a sigh of contentment.

THE WORLD

BY SAMUEL

Honor Slogage smiled at them. Then she too sighed. "No," she said gently.

Dorrie was startled upright. "No? Why?"

"Too dangerous," breathed the other.

"I've heard all the talk of danger that I'm going to," declared Hugh.

"Danger to her, not to you," explained Honor soberly.

☆ Swiftly storm clouds gather in a vivid, thought-provoking novel of things that <u>can</u> happen here

GOES SMASH

HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLYMER

"We've been all through that," began Dorothy, only to be interrupted:

"Not through this. Why do you suppose your father balked at letting you out?"

The girl's face fell. "Because he was afraid I'd give away some things—well, some things that are going on. I wouldn't," she asserted—"not even to you, Hugh. No matter what he's done—and I still don't believe it—I couldn't give him away. You know that, Hugh."

"I wouldn't want you to, darling."

"You're wrong about Mr. James, Dorothy," said Honor. "That isn't the reason he wants to keep you here. He's afraid to have you outside these walls."

A thought struck Hugh. "I believe that's true. It accounts for his having his house guarded and sending that car down with us."

"But what's he afraid of?" asked Dorothy, puzzled.

"Murder. So am I," replied Honor Slogage.

Shaken by her quiet earnestness, Hugh said, "You'll have to be more explicit."

"Mr. Farragut, we folks who are mixed up with championship sports get to hear a lot of undercover stuff. Somehow it has got around that Dorothy James knows too much for the safety of certain pretty important and dangerous people. It's known that she has been going about with you. These people have put two and two together. They're scared, Mr. Farragut. And men of their kind, when they're scared, are about as human as a nest of rattlesnakes. That's why I'm afraid for her."

"What's he afraid of?" asked Dorothy. "Murder. So am I," replied Honor.

"Do you believe this, Hugh?"

"I don't know, Dorrie. I don't like it. Who are these men, Mrs. Slogage?"

"I'm risking my job, as it is. Do you want me to risk my life?"

"No. Don't tell me, then. And please don't think me ungrateful. But—"

A knock at the door startled them. Motioning for silence, Honor went to open it. "Oh!" she cried in relief. "It's you. I'm so glad." She let in a swarthy, weazened little man. "My husband—Mr. Farragut," she announced proudly. "I was just going to tell them about Big Bill," she informed the newcomer.

"Suppose you let me tell it," directed the little man, and the athlete humbly subsided. "Do you remember the Beckenthaler case?" he continued.

"Before my time."

"Yes; before you got into your present line," agreed the other. "But you probably know something about it. Big Bill Marley was in it, you know. His body was being nailed in to be taken to Potter's Field when a reporter at the morgue recognized it as the former East Side leader."

"What happened to him?" asked Dorothy.

"Plenty. He knew too much. Word went out that he was set to spill. Very few people knew about it when he was taken to an asylum. My wife and I did. We were there."

Hugh made an effort of memory. "I thought they found the body in a railroad siding."

"They did. He made a getaway from the asylum. Error on his part. The escape was planted for him from inside; but he wasn't wise to that. They met him outside, and what was left of him when they got through the train fixed up. He would," said William Slogage with quiet emphasis, "have been safer in the asylum."

"My God!" whispered Hugh.

"Worse things than that might happen to a woman."

"Don't, William," said his wife very low, seeing Hugh's face.

"Some of that same gang are after Miss James now," pursued the little man relentlessly.

Hugh got to his feet. Never had the girl who loved him seen him look as he did.

"That's enough," he muttered. "I'm convinced. Come, Dorrie. The trunks can wait."

"What are you going to do, Hugh?"

"Take you back to New York and marry you today."

"Do you expect to be able to protect her?" asked Honor Slogage pityingly. "Twenty-four hours out of the day?"

"Today and tomorrow maybe," supplemented her husband. "But what about next week? Next month? The weeks and months to follow?"

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"I know," agreed Hugh, dry-mouthed. "I'm not running the risk. I wouldn't dare. We're going away."

"You're going to take me away? Where to?"

"Anywhere where it's safe. There must be places left in the world where the law protects life."

She stared, wide-eyed. "But, Hugh! Darling! What about the new job? You prom—"

"Damn my promises!" he cried out. "I've stood all that flesh and blood can stand. I've a right to my happiness. I've a right to you!"

Only a short time before it had been she who pressed this same argument. But it was a changed Dorothy who now faced a changed Hugh. The poison from the bullet had undermined his vitality—temporarily weakened his purpose, and even his character, by leaving him defenseless against this deadly fear. She must be his defense.

"I'll marry you, Hugh, whenever you say. You know that. And I'll face whatever comes. But I won't run away with or without my husband."

He dropped back into his chair with a groan. "You're right, of course. We could never come back if I quit now. Dorrie, will you go away for a while?"

"Leave you? How long?"

"Until something is settled. Until I've cleaned out this den of wild beasts."

"I've got a better idea than that, Hugh." She turned to the Slogages. "Wouldn't I be safe here?"

Mr. Slogage drew himself up to his full five feet five. "Absolutely. Ain't I here?"

"Happy James controls this place," added his wife. "There's no spot safer for his daughter in America."

Hugh made a brave attempt at a lighter appeal: "Penguins, Dorrie."

She smiled at him. "They'll wait. They're patient birds, darling."

"I'm not," retorted Hugh.

"You'll have to be. We'll both have to be, darling."

SHE said to Honor: "Couldn't you give us five minutes to ourselves?"

The pair consulted with their eyes and withdrew to the inside room.

"Next January, when you go to Washington," Dorothy resumed, "it will be different, won't it?"

"Unless the Secret Service has gone out of business, it will. I can pretty well guess the make-up of the gang that's after you. When I get to Washington I think I can keep them busy enough to discourage their murder enterprises," he concluded grimly.

"Say good-by to me now." She slipped into his arms, and remained there for a long minute. "When shall I see you again?"

"I'll come down every day."

"Is that what the state pays you for?" she laughed. "Once a week. Well, maybe twice. But there are mails. I'm going to call the Slogages now."

Her final word to him was a tender admonition that he was not to worry about her. She would be safe.

. . . . . .

All possible secrecy was cast around the plans and personnel of the incoming administration. Since his promise to join it Hugh had not seen Frank J. Winters in private, and had received but one letter from him, tersely confirming his promise of a free hand. Summoned to Washington, the special prosecutor met the President-elect secretly. Winters shook hands and, as was his custom, wasted no time.

"How long before you can clean up your calendar?"

"Christmas."

The other frowned. "That doesn't give much time. Have you thought over how you will start in?"

"Yes. I want to break up the link between the political local rings and the crime chain."

The leader smiled faintly. "Some contract! What's your idea of procedure?"

FIRST of all, to make murder a federal crime. That will get us away from the controlled courts and the pardon peddlers."

"Sound notion. I'll back it."

"It isn't going to be easy going for you, Mr. President. I'm very much afraid that some of your friends—"

"Never mind my friends." The older man laid a hand on the visitor's shoulder. "A President has no right to friends."

"Nevertheless I think you should be warned."

"I can't use warnings. I want nothing but facts. When you have proof, bring it to me and I'll act. Not before."

"It might be too late then," persisted the lawyer. Positive proof against Happy James he did not expect to obtain before the inauguration, and he had been hearing disquieting rumors of the master politician's underground workings in the Forward Party. "It would be easier to get rid of threatening influences in advance."

"They can't influence me," returned Winters with a calm confidence which inspired an equal confidence in his hearer. "Give me proof and out they go. Satisfactory?"

"It has to be," assented Hugh without too much enthusiasm. If Frank Winters had one fault, he reflected, it was his insistence upon being oversure of his ground before moving. But when he did act, it was swiftly and relentlessly.

Too tired to take a late train back, Hugh decided to spend the night at the Cosmos Club, the rendezvous for government specialists, particularly on the scientific side. As he entered he was hailed from a corner:

"Hey! Hugh! Highball?"

It was Ralph Stoner, a brilliant young geologist who had been in the class above him at Hamilton. The newcomer accepted.

"Now, what was it I had in mind to ask you about, Ralph?" said he. "Oh, I know! What do you know

about gold mining in New Jersey?"

"Nothing."

"How come?"

"There isn't any."

"Another bright young mind gone wrong. There's an active mine now turning out fat profits."

"Where?"

"I don't know exactly. Somewhere around the Palisades."

"Palisades your Aunt Melinda! I hope you haven't bought any stock in it. Gold, my boy, is not found in that kind of rock—unless it's been put there."

"H'm-m-m! I never thought of that." Hugh stared at his friend. An idea of possibly far-reaching significance had been implanted in his mind. "By Jove!" he exclaimed.

Among other phases of systematized crime, one that Hugh had marked for further investigation was the disposal of the gold taken in by jewelry thieves. This might well be the answer: an underground clearinghouse for the precious metal, whereby it was shipped to Happy James' mine there, to be secretly melted down and "produced" from a supposed vein. It would be difficult to trace. And, while the special prosecutor's powers did not run beyond the borders of New York, those of the Attorney General of the United States would. Hugh made a note to detail an investigator to the task. The mine, he judged, would be rigorously guarded, but there was always a chance of working in a man as an applicant for a job.

A slight man, stooped, white, and bent, with the appearance of great debility, paused in the doorway, peering uncertainly about.

DO you know who that is?" asked Stoner in a low voice.

"No."

"Robert Vignal, the Swiss chemist."

"Surely not! I thought Vignal was quite a young man."

"Forty-one. And he looks eighty. That's what war does to a man. Would you like to meet him?"

Hugh nodded. At a word from the geologist, the foreigner moved stiffly forward and shook hands. One whole side of his face had been eaten to the bone by some rodent substance, leaving it earless and hairless and with the eye almost destroyed. Yet he was still an impressive personality. In careful English he expressed his pleasure at meeting Hugh, with whose career he seemed familiar.

"You are fortunate, monsieur, in being an American."

"I think so," agreed the prosecutor.

"There is no more Switzerland," said Vignal with profound melancholy. "There is no more Europe, as you and I knew Europe. Nothing is left but a shell. No more science. No more art. No humanity." He sighed. "A ruin in which prowl starving wolves who used to be men and women."

Stoner explained that his fellow

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scientist had been caught in the vast chemical bombardment that signalized the beginning of the end, and that only his knowledge of protective chemistry had saved him and a handful of his fellows. Turning the piercing brightness of his good eye upon Hugh, the Switzer said abruptly:

"Tell me. You should know. Do you prepare secretly for war in your America?"

"Secretly?" repeated Hugh, surprised. "Why, no. Why do you ask?"

The other hesitated. "You can place implicit confidence in Mr. Farragut," Stoner assured him.

"Have the goodness to regard this as private information," said Vignal. And in his mournful voice he went on to say that the few eminent scientists, chemists, engineers, devisers of delicate mechanisms, inventors who had survived the slaughter had formed a small colony in Panama, where they had re-established their enterprises. Lately they had been prosperous because of heavy orders from the United States.

Hugh was puzzled. "Are you speaking of munitions?"

"No; no. Not munitions. Instruments of precision: range finders, night glasses, serums, antigases; all articles which might be employed in war."

"Then of course they are being bought by the War and Navy Departments."

Not at all. All orders, it appeared, were for private persons or obscure firms. Certified checks accompanied every order. They came from all parts of the United States: state capitals, industrial centers, small peaceful towns as well as the large cities. The distribution precluded the possibility that the shipments were for strike use, even had not the sweeping Forward Party victory brought temporary peace into that field.

"Can you give me names of the buyers?" asked Hugh.

No; this was confidential. Moreover, it was kept as private as possible. For himself, M. Vignal added, he was done with destruction. Henceforth his efforts would be directed to alleviation.

"Have you heard of the *capsule d'espion?*" asked Stoner. "He invented that. Tell Mr. Farragut, Vignal."

The chemist explained that toward the close of the war, when all sides had gone mad, spies and suspects were subjected to the most hideous tortures. As an escape M. Vignal had devised a container for one of the least known of the deadly cyanogens, so small that it could be concealed between the fingers or even set into a hollow tooth. He added that one of his best friends had found a merciful end, after capture, through this means.

AND the Azrael bomb," suggested the Washington man.

M. Vignal's wasted form shrank and shuddered. "*Trop d'horreur,*" he muttered. And, hurriedly making his adieus, he left them.

What little Ralph Stoner knew of the new and practically untried poison bombs he told Hugh. These too were the invention of Vignal, together with a Belgian physician, since killed. Only once had a small one been tried. The effects were so dreadful that the inventors had refused to reveal the secret of composition, and were under sentence of death by court-martial for their defiance when the final catastrophe set them free. Vignal alone possessed the formula—if indeed he had not destroyed it. Stoner thought that he might have done so. Too much horror, as he had brokenly said.

Hugh went back to New York with plenty to think of.

It was a grave Dorrie who welcomed her lover when, at the first opportunity, he ran down to the Retreat.

"Hugh, do you think my father is going queer mentally?"

"It hadn't occurred to me, darling. Why?"

"I told you of his dictator complex."

"Yes. Is that growing on him?"

"No. He's been extraordinarily secretive lately about his own plans. But now he is urging me to leave this country."

"That's sensible enough, isn't it, considering his fears for you?"

"Oh, he hasn't breathed a word of that to me. Nor I to him. His reason is much more curious. He seems to think that something dreadful is likely to happen here."

"What kind of something?"

"He wouldn't say directly. What I guessed to be in the back of his mind was war."

Jarred though he was at such a suggestion confirming what he had heard from the Swiss scientist, Hugh contrived to make his tone casual, even amused:

"War? I can't imagine with whom. No other nation or combination has the temerity to tackle us."

"Exactly what I figured. It doesn't seem quite sane."

"Oh, I shouldn't worry about that. Since the holocaust in Europe any of us is likely to have war jitters."

"Anyway, try and get me to leave the country while you're in it!" she laughed.

"I'm going to be very much in it from now on." He outlined briefly his basic plan of campaign against chain crime. The girl said thoughtfully:

DAD is extremely interested in your political future."

"Does he suspect anything about my appointment?"

"I wonder. He's been asking a lot of questions."

"You didn't tell him anything, Dorrie?" said Hugh anxiously.

"Is it likely? Oh, no; you'll find me a very prudent and close-mouthed official wife, darling."

"I've something to tell you. For the present I'm setting aside the case against Happy James. When I take office I shall concentrate first on rounding up the gang who are out to get you, and let everything else go. That may take two months; it may take three. The day I have them safely jailed I'll ask you again to marry me."

"I'll be ready."

"Until that time Happy James is a side issue. Oh, I don't say that I'm abandoning the trail of 'Z.'" For the first time since that agonizing interview in his apartment, Hugh referred to the central letter on the crime map. "I can't do that. In fact, we're working on a new line now. But for the present there will be no action unless he forces it. In the meantime, try to persuade him to take that vacation I suggested."

She shook a discouraged head. "He'll never do that, Hugh."

The new clue to which the prosecutor referred was the New Jersey gold mine. His first orders on his return to his headquarters had been to Harris Magill. A trusted man was to be assigned to the case. One report from James Donner, the man selected: the vicinity of the mine, and even a side shaft opening out from the cliffs above the Hudson, was rigidly guarded by a force of heavily armed men. In this there was nothing out of the way. Any source of gold would naturally be protected. The operative believed that information would be slow and difficult.

Two weeks of clean-up work in his office left Hugh Farragut little time for any outside considerations. Only three times in that period did he find opportunity to go to Riverhead. Dorothy complained that he was working himself to death; she thought, too, that he looked harassed, worried. To this frame of mind she unconsciously contributed by asking:

"Is Mr. Winters in good health, Hugh?"

"Strong as a horse. He'd better be," he added.

"I wondered. Dad talks politics with me a lot now when he comes down. He seems to have some doubts whether Winters will finish out his term."

Hugh looked up sharply. "Why that?"

"Unless it's his health, I can't imagine."

"Neither can I," said he. "I can't see myself lasting long under an administration headed by Keeler."

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"The Vice-President? Dad has a high opinion of him."

"He's a very practical sort of politician," conceded her companion.

"Who else is going to be in the Cabinet with you—do you know?"

"It's supposed to be secret, but we'll know about it soon. I have my summons for the Monday after Christmas."

For this occasion the President-elect had chosen the great new Hotel Luxor, facing Central Park. All day long men of prominence in the political and financial world came to and departed from his suite, to be waylaid by the eager reporters and, to deny any definite knowledge of the slate. Of the scores of visitors a handful were retained. These were the men who could have given out news if they would. Hugh was not sent for until five o'clock. As he entered the hotel a door captain identified him.

"Mr. Farragut? There's a message for you, sir. Urgent."

Hugh went to the desk. There was a telephone call from his office. Carson Wilde's strained voice said:

"That you, Boss? Can you come down to headquarters?"

"No," returned Hugh sharply. "You're holding me up, as it is."

"Can't help it. This is bad. I think you'd better come," urged Left Guard.

"What's it about?"

"Jim Donner. On the Jersey case," was the cautious response. "I don't want to talk over the phone."

Hugh pondered. It was four days since any word from the operative had reached the office. There had come, however, a mysterious and interrupted call from an unknown man which seemed to be an agonized appeal for help.

"I'll be down at once," said Hugh.

He scribbled a line of apology to the President-elect, saying that he would be delayed half an hour.

HE was not wholly unprepared for the news which he found at his office. James Donner's body, stabbed and stripped, had been picked up in the Hudson River. After detailing three of his most experienced, careful, and skilled men to the investigation, the special prosecutor hurried back to the Luxor.

As he entered the apartment Frank J. Winters rose to greet him, and the ten others seated about the table rose with him.

"You're not the latest," said the President-elect pleasantly. "The Postmaster General has been delayed, too. Nevertheless I shall proceed with introductions in order. Ladies and gentlemen: The Vice-President, Hon. Caleb Keeler."

Keeler rose and bowed. At each place was a scratch pad and pencil. Hugh drew his to him, prepared to note the names and his impressions as the announcements were made. Opposite Keeler's he set down: "Whose bread I eat, his song I sing."

"The Secretary of State, Judge Grayson Gerritt," said Winters. A gaunt, tired man stood up.

("A good man if he can last the course," on Hugh's pad.)

"The Secretary of War, General John Martingell." This was a jowly, pursy man of fifty.

("A led captain. Who's on the other end of the leash?")

"The Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Arthur Clerf." Obviously a Southerner, Secretary Clerf gave graceful and courteous salutation.

("Good front. What's back of it?")

"The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Arthur Porter." A dapper, eyeglassed, cold-looking man rose and bowed.

("Financial ability and probably integrity.")

"The Attorney General, Mr. Hugh Farragut."

THE Secretary of the Interior, Senator Price Duryea." Senator Duryea beamed.

("Smiles and promises.")

"The Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Henry Hartshorn. Pronounced Hart-shorn, if you please, ladies and gentlemen." The Secretary's surly and rubicund countenance essayed an expression of pleasure without marked success.

("Honest, suspicious, and slow. A tough customer.")

"The Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Isaac Levinson." A slender, gentle-looking Jew helped himself up with a cane.

("Intellectual power and probity, with a leaven of mulishness.")

"The Secretary of Labor, Mr. Simon Burtis." A stolid, thickset man bobbed a quick salute to the company.

("The faithful-follower type. Loyalty, reliability, little initiative.")

"The Secretary of Arbitration and Adjustment, Mr. Timothy McBride."

("Caleb Keeler's slightly manicured gorilla.")

"Cut out the 'mister,'" suggested the appointee to the new and powerful department, with a politician's grin.

"The Secretary of Health and Welfare, Mrs. Martha Larrabee." A graceful, modishly clad woman smiled about her.

("Sex in politics.")

"The Secretary of Education, Miss Lucy Harbesson." This one was a frump, with deep eyes and a firm mouth.

("My money on her.")

President-elect Winters turned to the door. "And here, at last, is our Postmaster General."

Hugh's pencil fell from his fingers. Suave, smiling, and forceful, buttoned snugly into his perfect morning coat with its slightly too perfect gardenia, the late arrival stepped into the room. It was Happy James!

A crook in the Cabinet! Is Winters, too, in the fiendish ring? Hugh Farragut lives through some tense moments in next week's exciting installment, in which the secret of the New Jersey mine is uncovered, and Happy James issues a warning—and a threat! Don't miss it!

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SOMEWHERE

Suzy began, "John—" and could add nothing else. For she knew she was going to weep again.

THEY drove Grandma down to State Square in a long touring car whose top was lowered. The bald mayor sat beside her, grinning, his hat in his lap; and the firemen's band of sixty pieces, leading the procession, blared The Stars and Stripes Forever.

Grandma, small and white of hair, found it hard to maintain a smile and to remember occasionally to bow. She really wanted to be alone, to weep a little. She found it necessary, after a time, to lean back and close her eyes. And then Grandma discovered she could see that other April seventy years ago.

There was Suzy again—slim Suzy Larson at sixteen; Suzy, in a huge bearskin coat she herself had made, her dark curls hidden under a hat that had recently been the pelt of a beaver.

After trudging across two hundred miles of Montana's snows and thawing ice, Suzy was too stiff and numb to feel even the aches in her legs. Her snowshoes had grown heavy. As for the sixty-pound pack on her back—a pack made up of winter pelts and homespun clothing—it had long ago become a part of her.

As always when the sun glared upon the snow, her eyes were full of tears. She could vaguely discern her father limping ahead. Under his own pack, one that weighed almost as much as Suzy herself, he looked like some nameless prehistoric beast. Before nightfall, her father had promised, they would reach Fort Terry. This was the end of the long trek, the end of the long winter.

And at the trading post young John Gordon would be waiting.

When they halted for food, Ben Larson piled wood for a fire. "Bet you wouldn't want to do it again," he smiled, "would you, now?"

Do it again? She thought of the black nights in the dugout, shivering under bearskins while the wind screamed. She thought of the months she had spoken to nobody save her father. She thought of the three weeks during which he had vanished: how she had followed his trap lines in a search for him, stumbling and blinded by the snows, terrified by the loneliness about her, by the distant barking of wolves; how she had returned at last to the dugout, knowing he was dead and that she'd have to live the winter out alone somehow before venturing the long trek to Fort Terry. And when the Indians had brought him home after the blizzard—his broken leg having healed a little . . .

"No, pa," she whispered, "I wouldn't go back—not for anything in the world—never!"

He said, "Well, when the snows melt and Joe Quinn drives the fur wagons over the trails, we'll go along. I'll take you to your Aunt Clara in Duluth."

They resumed the trek, and just before sundown they saw Fort Terry—a trading post surrounded by a dozen log cabins.

And young John Gordon ran a quarter of a mile up the frozen river to meet them—a giant of a man, his deerskin jacket open, his long red hair blown in the wind. He was nineteen. His strong face, toughened by the cold, actually shone in its cleanness.

He gave Suzy a great bearish hug and pumped her father's hand and declared he'd been watching for the past ten days to see them come down the river. He took Suzy's pack and slung it easily over his own shoulders, caught her arm, and they trudged on toward Fort Terry.

Suzy's heart pounded. He drew her far enough ahead of her father to whisper:

"Oh, Suzy, Suzy! I been waitin' all winter for this minute!"

She wanted to answer but delight choked her.

"Last summer," he reminded her, "you told me you was only fifteen—too young. But you're sixteen now, Suzy, and a woman, and I'm askin' you again—askin' you now, before those other men at Fort Terry see you. Like as not, they'll all talk up the minute they set eyes on you—you're that pretty!"

"John," she laughed, and miraculously all her weariness was gone.

"Les Purdy's got a preacher ordered for May," he drove on eagerly. "He figures to marry Joe Quinn's sister soon as the parson gets here. If you and me could be ready by that time, Suzy—if you'd say the word—"

Her father caught up with them then, talking loudly and cheerfully, and she said nothing.

At the settlement, men gathered to admire Ben Larson's winter catch of furs.

Suzy was put up with Mrs. Quinn, whose husband ran the trading post. And presently John Gordon came to give her a rolled blanket that he'd got for her in a trade with the Indians.

They met alone in the room behind the store, with candles throwing a soft yellow glow over them. Everybody else was out front, laughing over Joe Quinn's excellent blueberry wine and swapping tales. John Gordon looked at her with hungry eyes. She had put on a homespun brown dress. He thought it was beautiful.

"I just can't hold out, Suzy," he whispered. "I got to know. All winter I been waitin' to ask again—"

She said, "You know I will, John."

John kissed her. It was the first man's kiss she had ever known. It made her cheeks blaze, her body tingle. And then he said in a voice that was husky and ardent:

"Suzy, nothing can stop us now! Right after the preacher gets here, we can start. I got the place all picked—a long valley up there near the Black Hills. Did you

A stirring tale of pioneer yesterdays and the secret way of a woman's heart

CALLED HEROES

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

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know Montana will be a territory soon? Yes, sir! Jim Ashley is getting Congress to declare us a regular United States territory, and it won't be no time before Montana becomes a state! I'll bet there'll be railroads built. Folks will come trailin' in. And we're here first, Suzy! We can pick us the choicest land in all Montana!"

A prophetic light glowed in John Gordon's blue eyes.

"We'll get there early in May," he said, "and plant us a crop we can feed on in winter. And I'll build you a house, Suzy—a log house, not a dugout! And in the winter I can trap and earn enough money to buy seeds and tools for next year. Maybe a cow, too. . . ."

"*John!*"

He looked at her, and became aware of the terror in her eyes. "What's the matter, Suzy?"

"If—if you mean to go back into the hills, John, I just *can't!*"

"But, Suzy—"

"I thought you meant to take me to—to Duluth or Chicago, like you said last year!"

"We didn't think we'd be a territory then, and I was too young to look ahead much. Besides, I hadn't yet seen that valley. You won't be lonely, long as we're married and together—"

"No, John, no! It's no life for a woman! I couldn't!"

"What else could I do? Go to Duluth and maybe get me a job haulin' wood for somebody? No, Suzy; out here we'll *amount* to something some day!"

"No, John, no," she all but moaned. "I can't go back."

"You're plain scared!"

She didn't deny it but pleaded, "Oh, John, if you'd only come to Duluth with me!"

So at last came the morning when Joe Quinn hitched his mules to his old prairie schooners and bellowed, "Get set, gents! We'll be ridin' today!"

That morning John went boldly up the back stairs to Suzy's room at the trading post. His young face was terrible in its grimness. He found Suzy trying to strap her bundle. She was sobbing.

He stopped on the threshold. He looked at her steadily.

"Suzy," he said slowly, "they'll be leavin' soon. I'm askin' you for the last time to—stay."

She wanted to cry, "Oh, John, I love you!" But she didn't. Instead she shook her head desperately. She was afraid—afraid of the wilds, of the loneliness, of the winters. *Afraid.*

She sent a quick glance at him. He stood staring at the floor.

"IF you just won't—well, reckon there's nothing more I can say. I'll go pack my outfit and fix it up with Joe Quinn to ride along."

He looked at her, his face twisted by a forced smile. Coming forward, he drew Suzy into his arms. . . .

Suzy sat on her bed. She felt shaken. She heard John's deep young voice under her window as he made his arrangements to travel on Joe Quinn's wagon.

Another man's voice, surprised and mocking, said, "*You* goin' to Duluth? Why, John, after all your braggin' about how you figured to settle in them Black Hills! Ain't no trick to see who'll be boss in *your* family."

Suzy leaned out of the window. John Gordon's face was frightening. . . .

Suzy was settled on the seat of the first covered wagon, squeezed between Joe Quinn and his wife. Young John, like her father, sat on a mountain of pelts behind her, his long rifle at his side.

Suzy looked back at John. He looked beaten. He met her eyes with a smile like a mask.

She began, "John—" and could add nothing else. For she knew she was going to weep again. He would probably go on looking like that always. In Duluth or in Chicago or wherever they might wander, he'd be thinking of the empire he might have built himself in the Black Hills. But there would be no empire.

Suzy, stiffening, crushed her breath. She knew in that moment that nothing mattered—neither fear of the wilderness nor the lure of Duluth—nothing save John Gordon. Before Joe Quinn could stop the mules, she jumped down to the soggy trail.

"John!" she called. "John, get off!"

He scrambled down in bewilderment. He caught her in his arms, whispered hoarsely, "What's the matter, Suzy?"

"We're not going!"

He looked dazed. "Not going to—Duluth?"

"No!" she cried. "We're going into the Black Hills!"

. . . . . .

The bald mayor, posed on a platform in State Square, had made a very creditable speech. His right hand held a cord. He pulled it to draw a cloth covering off a heroic bronze statue of a frontiersman leaning on his rifle. On its huge granite pedestal a bronze plaque proclaimed:

JOHN GORDON
(1845-1905)
Founder of Gordontown
Pioneer and Patriot

The band played The Star-Spangled Banner, and everybody stood at attention, heads uncovered, and the children waved their flags. When finally the music ended, the mayor came down to Grandma and said:

"I guess this is one of the proudest moments of your life, Mrs. Gordon. Don't you want to say a few words?"

"No," she whispered. "No. John was the hero, not I. He was the real pioneer. I—I just followed him."

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

GO ahead and fight with your husband when you and he play bridge together. . . . The Culbertsons approve. . . . They say a certain amount of conjugal conflict over bridge is one of the safest ways a wife and husband can let off steam.

At least, that's what Josephine Culbertson told me when I asked her about it. As you probably know, she is Mrs. Ely Culbertson, and has been an international bridge authority in her own right for sixteen years. Because we see so many jokes about married people quarreling violently at bridge, I asked Mrs. Culbertson how much truth there is in the idea, and how serious it is.

She said: "In a few rare cases I have known bridge trouble to end in divorce; but the contrary is the rule. Married couples who bicker at bridge nearly always stay married. . . . Girls and boys start playing bridge together nowadays in high school or at college. By the time they grow up they usually are better players than their parents, and when they get married their bridge battles are not so savage." . . .

Josephine Culbertson's career could be the envy of any office girl. From business school she became the secretary of a man who wrote books on bridge. Helping him, she discovered that she herself was a natural wizard at the game. Then Ely came into her life, followed by fame and fortune. Now the mother of two children, she's a remarkable lady; attractive, sympathetic, interesting. "Most women who play bridge really well," she said, "are excellent housewives, efficient and thrifty."

Women who do nothing but play bridge, says Josephine Culbertson, are seldom very good at it.

★ Your imagination should be worth about sixty-five dollars a week to you. That's real money! The estimate comes from a recent research conducted by Dr. F. L. Wells of the Boston Psychology Laboratory, who says he has found imaginative power to be the only outstanding mental difference between people who earn a hundred dollars a week and those who earn thirty-five. Since thirty-five from a hundred leaves sixty-five, that's how much your imagination *ought* to bring in. So cultivate it.

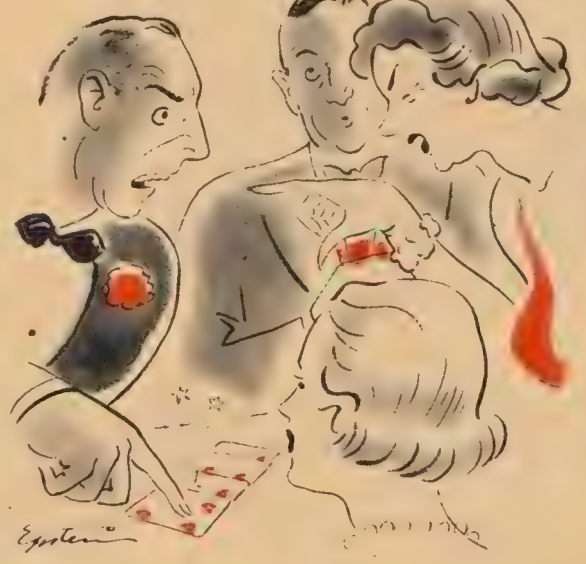
★ From the Kentucky mountains, through a friend of mine whose family lives there, comes this true and tragic story of divorce.

Not long ago an elderly mountain woman walked into a rural courthouse of that state and asked to be divorced from her husband, with whom she had lived for fifty years. The judge said:

"You've been his wife for half a century. It seems to me you might as well stick it out. What's the use of doing anything different at your age?"

"Your Honor," the woman said, "if you had been given a life sentence, and then something finally happened that gave you a chance to have your sentence commuted to fifty years, wouldn't you appreciate the difference, no matter how little time there was left?"

The judge granted the mountain woman her decree.



"Go ahead and fight with your husband when you and he play bridge together."

★ A new craze among our amateur collectors of antiques is that of picking up old melodeons and old harmoniums in good playing condition. I'm told the back country is being ransacked for these little old-fashioned piano organs of half a century ago. They make sweet sentimental music, and are especially prized by people who like to sing old songs. In price they average from fifty to a hundred and fifty dollars, but may be bought quite often for next to nothing. If you have one in your attic, hold on to it. It is probably worth more than you think.

★ Budapest keeps on sending us the *strangest* news concerning women. I mentioned this several weeks ago, and have since received two more freakish items of feminine information from that city. . . . While the men of a certain Budapest suburb were away at work one day last month, a thief called a mass meeting of the women, locked them in the town hall, then robbed *every house* at his leisure, escaping with all the valuables in the entire village. . . . My other Budapest item reports the existence there of the world's youngest white grandmother. Now twenty-eight, at fourteen she was married and the mother of a daughter who has also married and produced a daughter at the age of fourteen. Young grandma's ambition is to be a *great-grandmother* long before she's fifty.

★ You may find useful suggestions in Elita Wilson's new book: 99 Ways for Women to Make Money at Home. (Published by Hillman-Curl, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price 99 cents.)

★ French cooks have at last discovered canned pineapple, and of course they've done something new with it.

The following recipe is being served with great success at the Paris Exposition. . . .

Soak round slices canned pineapple in diluted kirsch or maraschino. From plain loaf cake, gold or sponge, cut rounds the same size and thickness as the pineapple. Powder one side of cake slices with sugar, glaze in slow oven. Arrange alternate rounds cake and pineapple on serving dish, then spread the cake with warm apricot jam rubbed through sieve. A cap of whipped cream on each pineapple slice completes the dessert. Although elegant, it is quite inexpensive.

Trust the French for that.

The Golden Gate International Exposition as it will look from Oakland.

An Inside Forecast of San Francisco's World's Fair

BY BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM E. GILLMORE

FORMER CHIEF OF SUPPLY AND MATERIEL, ARMY AIR CORPS—
EXECUTIVE OFFICER, GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

What the West will see when dreams come true in 1939 on the largest man-made island ever built

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

FOR the three hundred and fifty-eight years since Francis Drake came ashore from his Golden Hind in or near it, San Francisco Bay has epitomized the Pageant of the Pacific. This is the pageant that San Francisco, California, and all the West will play at their Golden Gate International Exposition, America's official World's Fair on the Pacific in 1939, now rising above the blue of the bay on the largest man-made island ever built.

When Don Juan Manuel de Ayala explored San Francisco Bay in 1775, he discovered shoals several miles east of the island which he had called Alcatraz. In 1935 Pan American Airways cleared their Flight No. 1 across the Pacific and made history—and the more than two million people of the San Francisco Bay area saw their need of a central air terminal. Fourteen possible sites were thoroughly considered, and the vote was almost unanimously in favor of Don Manuel's shoals. This meant filling in 20,000,000 cubic yards of sand and soil to create an island approximately a mile square.

San Franciscans went into action. They got a deed from the State of California for a square mile of salt water. They interested the federal government to the extent of six and a quarter million dollars in WPA and PWA funds. Army engineers took the digging job, which is one of the engineering wonders of the world.

While the airport idea was maturing, another idea was being conceived: to use the island as the site of a great international exposition, commemorating completion of the unrivaled Golden Gate and San Francisco-Oakland bridges, calling attention to successful transpacific air service, and marking the development of vast new electrical energy in the West.

San Francisco felt that the project had three advantages from the start. It could call on the experience of many of the men who had created the singularly beautiful Panama-Pacific International Exposition of 1915. It would benefit by and increase the nation-wide fascination of the Pacific Coast. And, its location being an island, an ideal architectural unity could be achieved.

The island, with its rock wall, is now almost complete. The great air terminal is well under way. Work has begun on ferry slips, roads, ramps, causeways, and on several of the main exhibit palaces. The central Pillar of Light will rise four hundred feet above the bay before the end of this year.

Now let us imagine that today is February 18, 1939, and the exposition is opening. We could cross the bay on ferries, but we decide to drive over the San Francisco-Oakland bridge. Two roadways lead off it, one a ramp and overpass. Taking the ramp, we coast down a six-lane highway to "Treasure Island."

Our first view of this ramparted city of dreams is breath-taking. Massive walls, banked with exotic Pacific flowers and trees, extend northward almost as far as we can see. They are broken by the towers which mark the main gateway and the ferry entrance. The architectural design is novel. Stark boxlike lines of extreme modernism are missing. Instead, distinctly Pacific motifs, such as Javanese, Malayan, Aztec, Yucatán, have been combined and blended with broad planes of light and shadow, the whole dominated by the four-hundred-foot tower.

Once inside, after passing through the Central Court of the Pacific, we turn left into the Court of the Seven Seas. Our first stop is at the Palace of Electricity and Communications. There are no windows in any of the exhibit palaces. Through artificial lighting, the same controlled effects are possible by day and by night.

We visit the Palace of Food and Drink, the Palace of Shelter, the Court of the Hemispheres, the Theater of the Sky, the Lake of All Nations with its spectacular Temple of Music, the Hall of Western States, and countless buildings of private and governmental exhibitors. We take a look at the Amusement Zone. Beyond it, to the north, is a parking area which will accommodate 12,000 cars. At the opposite end of the island is the Port of the Trade Winds. Here we find a new kind of exhibit—trade ships from the far corners of the earth.

The fair will continue two hundred and eighty-eight days, to December 2, 1939. It will represent a total investment of more than $50,000,000. Invitations to participate have been sent by President Roosevelt to every power with which the United States has diplomatic relations. San Francisco and California are the hosts, but the eleven Western States will act as co-sponsors and are appropriating funds for this purpose. They do not believe that San Francisco is competing with New York, which will also have a World's Fair in 1939, or that New York is competing with San Francisco. There is room in America for two international expositions in one year, and many people will see both.

THE END

Crosscurrents of love and a glamorous girl! A tense mystery quickens its pace

Her head fell forward. "Do I understand that to be an assent, dear?" asked Henry Pittfield.

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY PARKHOUSE

WHEN John Merriam is murdered, his new bodyguard, Bob Hamilton, is suspected as the killer by Detective Macklin. On the other hand, Charles Dutton, nicknamed "Bombi," an antique expert and friend of the deceased, persuades young Bob to help him solve the mysterious crime.

Working together, they come upon what appear to be clues: An old kitchen account book used as a secret diary by some unknown woman, a feather, a thread, a thorny twig, and a bit of clay holding the impression of a key. Making a key from the mold, it leads them to a remote cottage in the country once occupied by Cecilly Hampton, an artist, and where it is deduced that John Merriam, playboy in life, visited her in the role of lover. Furthermore, while living there, the girl Cecilly used the alias of Mrs. Benson.

Besides the painter, another young woman, Mrs. Richard Barnes, a close friend of the dead man, apparently knows more than she lets on. Gay and mocking, she flirts with Bob Hamilton, falls in love with him, and warns him to flee New York and quit his amateur sleuthing. Bob and her husband come to blows finally.

To complicate affairs, Bob is head over heels in love with Beatrice Shaw, a cousin of John Merriam, and she is engaged to Tom Pittfield. Their uncle, Henry Pittfield, has his heart and iron will set on their marriage.

Bombi sends Bob to search Cecilly Hampton's New York studio-apartment. He finds a scrap of her handwriting. It corresponds with that in the kitchen-account-book diary. But he is surprised in his underhand rummaging by both Beatrice Shaw and Detective Macklin. Explanations are made but are forced and rather foolish.

Later, Macklin tells Cecilly of what took place when she was not at home. She is fearfully distraught, but holds her tongue. Alone, at the telephone, she cries to a friend: "I want to be brave, but can I stand it?"

BRIGHT DANGER

BY MAX BRAND

PART SEVEN—"I WON'T BREAK YOUR HEART!"

THE life of Henry Pittfield depended upon routine. He often said: "Time is divisible into moments, but life is divisible into thoughts for which we must prepare ready space."

Henry Pittfield always prepared plenty of space. One of his habits was to spare for himself at the end of every day some moments of reflection during which he would be able to sum up the amount of his labors, and forecast with a calm mind the labors which lay before him.

To accompany his hour of reflection he used to take one Scotch-and-soda, with plenty of whisky but with plenty of soda also. For him it was a one-hour drink, and he was able to time the extent of his reflections with the length of his drink, so that both ended at the same moment.

On this evening he had come within an inch of the bottom of the glass when Beatrice Shaw appeared in the doorway.

He looked upon her with a quiet pleasure, like an architect looking upon a house of his own building. It was the money of Beatrice that had saved him from ruin during the hours of too much hope in 1930, but he could reflect that that bitter hour was long since gone, and he had created from her fortune enough to quintuple her own original stake and multiply his own into an even greater mass. He saw in Beatrice something more than his own child; like her fortune, she was almost the physical recreation of his thought.

He said: "Come here, child."

She came to his chair. Usually she sat down on the broad soft-stuffed leather arm of it. Today she merely stood.

"You haven't been happy, Beatrice," he said.

She put out a hand and pushed the fingers through the white wire of his hair. It never ceased amazing him when she did this. His eyes closed and a strangely loose smile softened the set of his lips.

"You haven't been happy," he said.

"I've been happy enough," she answered.

He reached up a hand into which she put her own. "Sit beside me," he said.

She sat on the arm of the chair and a fragrance flowed from her about him and roused in him, as always, a certain sense of melancholy.

"You are like music to me, Beatrice," he said—"always dear and always sad."

"Sad?" she said.

"You understand, sweetheart," said Henry Pittfield, "that whenever one is greatly moved, there is sorrow in the emotion. The full expansion of the heart is always akin to sorrow. That is why love, I dare say, is tinged with unhappiness, and the perfect rose, as the poet says, makes us sigh. And so, when I have you near me, there is often a happiness that passes beyond happiness and leaves me a little sad. . . . Have you followed me?"

"I think so," she said.

"But to you," said he—"to you who never have known love, most of what I say must mean nothing. Quite nothing. I myself have felt it only dimly and far away, so to speak. However, after your marriage you will find that the true love will grow and gradually bear flower and fruit."

She said nothing.

"And that is why," said Henry Pittfield, "you draw back from my purpose of an immediate marriage between you and Tom. Is it not?"

She still was silent.

"Because," said he, "a young girl still awaits the miracle, the rising of the tide, the overwhelming of the land, the onrush of love. When it rises in that fashion, dear lamb, it is apt to sweep ruinously over the spirit and, withdrawing, leave a wrecked life behind. But what I suggest," he said in a deeper and more moving voice, "is a solemn and a sure happiness in which sorrow is, I may say, discounted, and the future may be safely harvested."

"Yes, Uncle Henry," she said.

"Do you really agree?" he said, his voice sharpening as he saw himself unexpectedly near a bargain.

"I agree," she answered.

"But, Beatrice, that means, if you are speaking with logic, that you are prepared to marry Tom next week, on the date I have announced."

"I am prepared to do it," she said.

He relaxed in his chair.

Her fingers slipped again through his hair before her hand fell away.

"It is almost perfect," said Henry Pittfield: "My fortune as I have made it, your fortune as I have multiplied it, and the competent direction of Tom—not inspired but competent—and you more than a daughter and Tom almost a son. . . . You see it is perfect, my dear, except that I wish I had not been too busy to marry. But it isn't a great unhappiness, that."

Something dropped on the back of his hand, and he looked up to find that she was weeping.

He put his arm around her. His hand, hard, dry, and brittle with age, was warmed by her body.

"I have made you unhappy, dear?" said Henry Pittfield.

She said nothing. She held her head back and fought a silent battle against tears.

UNDERSTANDING that she could not speak, he went on: "The fact is, then, that you are unhappy because you are submitting to this marriage with Tom."

He waited for assent, found none, and continued:

"Not because you dislike *him* but because you feel that you might eventually like some one else still more," said Henry Pittfield. "Because you feel that the giddy stroke, the ecstasy, and all the tommyrot of the poets may be a good which you shall lack. Do I put it correctly?"

There was still silence, which taxed his patience a little; but presently he went on: "The only other alternative is absurd—that you have fallen in love with another man."

Her head fell forward and her face was covered with her hands.

"Do I understand that to be an assent, dear?" asked Henry Pittfield, startled.

And for the first time she spoke: "Yes!"

"Beatrice—in love, did you say?"

"Yes," she said. "In love."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Henry Pittfield. "A week ago you were heart-whole and fancy-free, as the damned poets say. Isn't that true?"

"Yes," she said.

"And do you mean to tell me that you have fallen in love in the interim?"

"Yes," she said.

"Look at me, Beatrice!"

She did not look at him.

"A girl of your inexperience cannot even be sure!" cried he.

"I can, though," she said.

"On what earthly authority?" he demanded, though he felt the words were a trifle foolish in this case.

"God's authority, I suppose," she answered lifelessly. She stood up. "There's no use talking it out. I only want you to tell Tom about the way I feel. If he wants to go ahead . . . well, I won't break your heart!"

She went quickly out of the room. . . .

Hamilton, just about then, came back from his walk and taxi ride to the apartment of Charles Dutton. He could not go in at once. He walked back and forth on the block through the dusk until the street lights were stronger than the day. He kept telling himself that it was the decent compassion in Beatrice that wrung his heart most bitterly. Disgust and contempt went together well enough, but pity added to the brew made it more than he could take.

When the night had settled down completely he turned into the building and went up to Bombi's apartment.

He opened the door with the key Bombi had given to him, and found himself looking into the kitchen where little Sassan Vashtu McGuire was filling an aluminum pot at the sink.

"Ah, Sassan," said Hamilton, "is the master in?"

Sassan Vashtu turned up his eyes.

"There is no death," he said in a trembling voice. "There is only change. No death! No departure! Change only!"

Hamilton looked at him for a moment, and then he heard soft footfalls in the front of the apartment and went hastily into the living room. He saw there the little Hindu woman with the large head and the scrawny neck. She noticed him at the same moment as she hurried toward the bedroom of Bombi with a bowl of something steaming in her hands. And she made a hasty gesture, as though she wished Hamilton to drop to the floor—or disappear.

But at the same moment he heard the booming voice of Bombi call: "Bob? Are you there?"

Hamilton found Bombi flat on his back, his great body heaving up the bedclothes like a barrel.

His face was gray-green and drawn with pain.

"What is it, Bombi?" he asked, leaning beside the bed, staring into those continually calm and smiling eyes.

"Nothing as bad as it might be," said Bombi. "I noticed the writing of the address after I'd eaten three of the chocolates . . . and then a stomach pump did most of the rest for me. I'll be well and fit by tomorrow."

"What chocolates? What address?" demanded Hamilton.

"Over there," said Bombi.

Hamilton crossed to the table near the bed and picked up from it a tin chocolate box with three pieces missing from the top layer.

The wrapping lay folded back beside the box.

The address on it was written in a swift careless hand, rather pointed, with a pleasant flow to it—the same writing that filled the diary and which Hamilton had seen again in the apartment of Cecilly Hampton.

IN the home of Henry Pittfield, Beatrice did not appear for dinner that night; she was knocked out by a headache, she said, but Henry Pittfield knew better and, since he believed in frankness more than he believed in God Himself, he went straight to the point with his nephew Thomas. He waited for the fish and the white wine before he said: "Tom, what's the quality that a woman likes best in a man?"

"Sympathy," said Thomas Pittfield.

His uncle narrowed his eyes, and then nodded.

"How sympathetic have you been to Beatrice?"

"To Beatrice? Enough, I hope. I've always been attentive, since I've known your mind on the matter."

"Hm-m!" said Henry Pittfield. "Beatrice is in love with another man."

It amazed and delighted him to see that the wineglass in the hand of his nephew went on to his lips, unshaken by this news. Thomas lowered the glass.

"You're speaking of Robert Hamilton, I suppose?" he asked.

"Gad, Tom," said the old man, "do you even know his name, and yet you've never spoken a word about him?"

"So long as the marriage is to take place in spite of him," said Thomas Pittfield, "why should I annoy you?"

"Sometimes," said Henry, "you are almost too admirable, Tommy. . . . You know perfectly well that there was the devil and all to pay with Beatrice after the marriage was announced in the papers."

"I never worried for a moment," said Tom.

"And why not, if you please?" demanded his uncle.

"You are always the master," said the younger man, and he made a little salute with his wineglass and bowed a bit toward his uncle.

"Beyond the fact that Johnny, poor boy, had hired this fellow as a bodyguard, do you know anything about Robert Hamilton?"

"Something about him," said Tom Pittfield. "Sidney Colton, the engineer, went to college with him and kept in touch a bit afterward. Hamilton comes of a fairly good Connecticut family. Born in 1909. That makes him twenty-eight. In college he was a good athlete. Boxing and football. He liked mathematics, so the engineering courses were easy for him. He had enough time left for drinking, and he used it for that. Twice he was close to expulsion. After college he went West. He was in Mexico. He was an expert shot, and two or three times he used his guns on men. He has some mining projects which he has tried to raise money for in New York. Colton says that one of them is not at all bad. Of course Hamilton realizes that Beatrice is a richer project than any mine."

"The sketch," said Henry Pittfield, "of a drunken, murdering, worthless vagabond, perhaps."

"Undoubtedly," said Thomas.

NO, not undoubtedly," said the old man. "It might also be the sketch of a keen, ambitious, cheerful wanderer, adventurer, and worker. Some of them go on to lead the world. . . . This business of love, Tom. I think it will be a mighty important factor in the life of Beatrice."

"You think this infatuation is a grand passion?" asked Thomas Pittfield.

"I think it is," said Henry unwillingly.

"Then something must be done about it."

"Certainly. I think I must send the young man away from New York."

The next morning Henry Pittfield telephoned to the apartment of Bombi. It was the clear voice of Hamilton that answered him, saying: "I can see you at any time, Mr. Pittfield. Tomorrow, say?"

"Today always is twenty-four hours earlier than tomorrow," answered Pittfield.

"I'll have to stay here," said Hamilton, "because Dutton is ill."

"Then I'll come over," said Henry Pittfield. "I'll be there in half an hour, if you can see me then?"

Hamilton would, he said, be glad to see Mr. Pittfield as soon as possible, and the old fellow went straight over to Bombi's apartment, where the bowing figure of Sassan Vashtu McGuire ushered him to Hamilton in the living room. Henry Pittfield went, as usual, directly to the point.

"I've been talking with young Colton, the engineer," he said. "And he is rather impressed by one of your Western properties. As you perhaps know, I have some extended interests in mines here and there. What Colton said interested me; and I want to know what it would cost to develop—the first steps, I mean."

"I know what Colton liked," said Hamilton. "It would take—well, a hundred thousand dollars would make an impression."

"That's well within the possibilities," said Pittfield, nodding. "Would you need expenses?"

"I would," said Hamilton.

"Take the next train for Denver," said Pittfield, "and see my people out there—Rogers, Meade, and Rogers, mining engineers."

"I know of them," said Hamilton.

"I'll wire them that you are coming, and they'll be ready for you. Or you could save time by arranging to meet them at the property. I could have their report back here inside ten days perhaps," remarked Pittfield.

"Except that I can't leave now," said Hamilton.

"Dutton? A man as fat as that could live on his own strength for a month, even in *spite* of doctors."

"It will have to be a week, or two weeks, or a month, or even more," answered Hamilton.

"Ah, but that won't do!" exclaimed Pittfield.

"I'm sorry," said Hamilton.

"But, my dear fellow," said Pittfield, "opportunity doesn't sit on your front doorstep. She moves on."

"If there were a million waiting for me out there and I could fly to get it and return, I couldn't leave," said Hamilton.

"Impossible!" said Henry Pittfield. A powerful wind had struck his house of cards. He stared at young Hamilton and realized truly money was not this fellow's dominant interest. He stood up.

"A pity," he said. "A great pity!"

"Either I go out at once, or your interest in the property ends. Is that it?" said Hamilton.

"My interest? Not a question of interest but of available cash, of course," said Henry Pittfield.

He found that Hamilton was looking at him with a strangely small smile and with an eye so sharpened that it seemed to reach in among the thoughts of Pittfield.

Hamilton said: "What's the real reason, Mr. Pittfield?"

"Real reason? My boy, I've just given it to you."

He began to walk slowly from the room.

Hamilton broke in: "The fact is that you want to move me out of New York just now. Isn't that it?"

"Move you from New York!" exclaimed Pittfield, putting astonishment into his eyes.

"And why?" asked Hamilton. "How am I standing on your toes by being here?"

"This makes no sense whatever," Pittfield assured him. "As a matter of fact"—here he began to grow angry—"there is impertinence in that suggestion."

"I'm sorry," said Hamilton. "You are old enough to be treated politely. Did your nephew have a hand in your coming here?"

Pittfield was so annoyed that he spoke not another word; but when he was outside the apartment a cold worm kept crawling through his spinal marrow nervously.

. . . . . .

The telephone called Hamilton just as his visitor left, and the pleasant voice of Grace Barnes came to him over the wire.

"I'm glad you're still alive, Bob," she told him. "Dick is sour. I never saw him so sour. He can't understand how it happened. One moment on his feet and being the big brave man, and the next minute on the floor. . . . Bob . . ."

"Yes?"

"Do you see me today?"

"Bombi's ill."

"Serious?"

"Not very, I hope."

"I need to see you," said the girl. "Let a nurse take care of that big fat baby and you come over here and cheer me up. I'm sick, Bob."

"What's the matter?"

"I *loathe* Reno. You wouldn't be going West to the mines before long, would you? . . . And will you try to come to see me today?"

"If I can. You know that."

"What does Bombi really think of Cecilly Hampton?"

Hamilton had to take breath. "He thinks she's an interesting person."

"Bob, you're different; you're a million miles away. I don't recognize anything but your voice!" she cried. "But oh, I know what the difference is. It's the eye and the voice, and the pauses, and the watching, the watching, the watching. I suppose you know me inside out by this time, don't you? Tell me that you like what you've found! And teach me that snappy short right, will you? . . . And love me occasionally, Bob, will you? And tell me to shut up and stop being a fool, will you?"

He laughed, and she hung up.

He went in to Bombi and found him braced with pillows, reading the morning paper. He put it aside. He was still very pale, but the quiet strength of his will shone in his eyes.

"What did Pittfield want?" he asked.

"A trip West for me," said Hamilton. "They don't want me in town."

"It's Beatrice they're afraid about," said Bombi.

Hamilton sat down and said nothing.

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EXTRA ENTRIES AT YOUR GILLETTE DEALER

READ THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. Check the 7 teams you predict will win the games listed in blank at right. Each entry must be postmarked before midnight on the Friday preceding the games scheduled for day following.
2. Accompany each blank with a letter of not more than 50 words giving your reasons for picking any one team over its opponent.
3. Print your name and address and name and address of your Gillette dealer where indicated on blank.
4. Attach to each entry blank an empty Gillette or Probak Blade package (not individual blade wrapper), or a reasonable facsimile.
5. For best letters these awards will be made every week: 1st, $500; 2nd, $250; 3rd, $100; 4th, $50; and four of $25 each. Full and fair consideration by independent judges will be given every letter complying with the rules.
6. Judges' decisions are final and all letters entered become the property of the Gillette Safety Razor Company. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Anyone may compete except employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, their advertising agency and their families.
7. Act now! Fill out the blank at right, attach your letter and empty blade package, and mail to Gillette Safety Razor Company, P. O. Box 5, Boston, Mass.

Games of October 16

Check Teams You Think Will Win.
Mail before midnight Friday, October 15th to Gillette, P. O. Box 5, Boston, Mass.

Notre Dame.....	☐	Carnegie Tech...	☐
Chicago.....	☐	Princeton.....	☐
Duke.....	☐	Georgia Tech....	☐
Harvard.....	☐	Navy.....	☐
Minnesota.....	☐	Michigan.....	☐
Army.....	☐	Yale.....	☐
Washington.....	☐	Wash. State.....	☐

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

MY GILLETTE DEALER

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Accompany this entry with an empty Gillette or Probak Blade package or facsimile. (L1)

MAIL THIS ENTRY—WIN A BIG CASH PRIZE

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Feminine Hygiene Necessary

CONSULT DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT

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2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now brings you *dainty, snow white* suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and *safety* of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody the famous *ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE.* They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are *safe* and *easy* to use . . . *greaseless, snow white* suppositories, each in a *sanitary* glass vial . . . no clumsy apparatus . . . *completely deodorizing. Easy to remove* with plain water. Instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists.

4. For your douche, after using Zonitors, we recommend Zonite. Its antiseptic qualities, proven by over 20 years of continuous use, promote feminine cleanliness—assures additional protection. Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to 1 quart of water.

FREE Booklet containing latest medical information. Write to Zonite Products Corp., 1041 New Brunswick, N. J.

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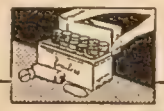

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The Rosicrucians

SAN JOSE —AMORC— CALIFORNIA

"The Rosicrucians are NOT a religious organization"

"Let that go," said Bombi. "Tell me the story of Cecilly Hampton."

Hamilton began: "She knew Merriam. She wanted a chance to paint and she didn't have a penny. Rather a decent girl, and she wouldn't be paraded around New York, but a place in the country was a different affair. They went out there. She worked at the painting. John Merriam used to drop in for week-ends, and that sort of thing. . . . How does that sound to you?"

"Go on," urged Bombi.

"They only had one key between them, and he decided that he'd have another made, so he simply molded the key in clay and brought the mold back with him. Picked it out with some other pocket cleanings and put it into the drawer of the jewel cabinet and then forgot it was there for a while, perhaps."

"Perhaps," said Bombi. "Go on. There's the diary to think about."

"Why, he'd thought of her as a painter and nothing else, but one day he ran across her diary. He knew she wouldn't allow him to read it, so he stole it. He could bring it back afterward and say that she must have misplaced it. But he wanted leisure so that he could read it straight through."

"And then?" asked Bombi.

"Why, and then, when he looked it over, he was pretty well daunted by the cool thinking brain of Cecilly Hampton. He simply didn't go back to the country again."

"Which annoyed her?" suggested Bombi.

"Naturally. They'd made an agreement probably. A girl like that wouldn't throw herself away except for her art. An agreement that the scheme was to last for at least a year, say. And then she found herself let down. Day after day passed. She couldn't stand it. Rage began to eat her up. She came in and tried to see Merriam. He wouldn't see her: So she got into the hallway and waited for him with a knife, and when he appeared, she slipped the knife into him. There you are."

AFTERWARD, you mean, she waited in the country, and on the day you appeared she realized that you were on her trail, and so she tried to rub you out with the rifle shot?" asked Bombi.

"Something like that must have happened, I suppose."

Bombi closed his eyes. "Call Cecilly Hampton and tell her to come over here."

"She's learned from Macklin by this time that I was in her apartment. She won't come."

Bombi unfolded his newspaper and showed Hamilton a fairly good likeness of Cecilly Hampton. The article beneath the picture referred to her as a recent discovery of the celebrated critic and connoisseur, Charles Dutton. Above all, she was the first person to be commissioned to paint the portrait of the multimillionaire heiress, Beatrice Shaw, soon to be married to Thomas Pittfield. The art editor foresaw that Cecilly Hampton would become a fashionable rage.

"If she's read that article, I think she ought to come here, even in spite of your prowling in her apartment. Don't you think so?" asked Bombi.

"Painting is all she gives a damn about," said Hamilton. "She'll go to hell and back if you ask her to, I suppose."

He dialed the number which Bombi dictated and then passed over the telephone. Presently Bombi was saying: "Is that you, Cecilly? I've something over here that I want to show you. Can you drop over? . . . No, I'm kept to bed for today. . . . I can't wait till tomorrow, Cecilly. . . . Are you sure? . . . Listen to me. It's a bit of a diary from an old kitchen account book. . . . I thought you would."

HE hung up and said to Hamilton: "Did you hear her cry out?"

"I heard," said Hamilton. "It was like the voice of a child."

"Well," said Bombi, smiling, "women are children. I can't attract 'em. . . . Suppose, Bob, that you were in my boots and loved a girl so much that the thought of her came between your soul and your breath, if you know what I mean."

"I know what you mean," said Hamilton gravely.

"Thanks," said Bombi. "If you'd pitied me, I would have hated you, I suppose. . . . But, gad, Bob, her loveliness takes me in the throat, like a high pure note in music; and it keeps my heart aching. It's the devil. There's almost pain enough to make me thin."

He ended with his thunderous chuckle.

Hamilton said: "Have I seen her?"

Bombi considered the ceiling. "Yes," he said. "You've seen her."

"It's Beatrice?" asked Hamilton.

Bombi made the same thoughtful pause. "Yes," he said.

Hamilton lighted a cigarette and offered one to Bombi. They smoked together through a silence.

"Not so beautiful," said Bombi.

"When she bends her head and looks down . . . ." said Hamilton.

"A girl who would give herself to a cold fish like Tom Pittfield can't have much soul in her."

"It's obedience, not lack of soul," argued Hamilton.

"You're an advocate, not a judge," said Bombi. Then he added: "We won't talk about her any more. But she turned a corner and slipped into my mind one day, and I've never been able to get her out again. . . . There goes the doorbell. Cecilly is here."

Can Cecilly Hampton deny her own handwriting? How is she to explain away the poisoned chocolates? Bombi has terrible mental thumbscrews to twist and turn, and how the hunted girl meets the excruciating ordeal is a high spot in next week's Liberty.

READING TIME • ONE HOUR

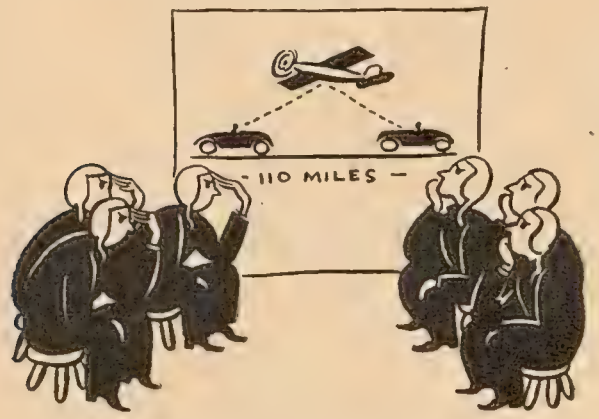
BABY BAFFLERS

By H. A. Ripley

Every fact necessary for solution is in the Baffler below. See how long it takes you. Three minutes is excellent; five minutes, good; seven minutes, fair.

" This afternoon," warned hard-boiled Larry Hamilton, instructor at the ground class of an aviation school, " I'm going to do a little stunt in co-operation with an automobile manufacturer and at the same time try out that new model I showed you this morning.

" Two cars, A and B, are stationed at points 110 miles apart. On signal and at the same moment they will start traveling toward each other at the rate of 55 miles an hour. I will start simultaneously with car A and will fly toward



the approaching car B at the rate of 186½ miles an hour. When I meet car B, I shall turn around and fly back until I meet car A, then I'll turn again and fly back to car B and continue to fly until the cars meet.

" Sure, I can do better than 186½ with that model, but that is the speed I shall average during the flight. To simplify things, we'll say that I lose no time in making turns. Now, fellows, how many miles will I fly before the two cars meet? "

(The answer is on page 52)

PUZZLE POEM

By Clare W. Harris

Each of the four missing words below is spelled with the same four letters. Can you supply the four words?

My grandmother did - - - - her yarn,
And - - - - with shears; no wasting.
My mother - - - - her thread instead
And uses - - - - for basting.

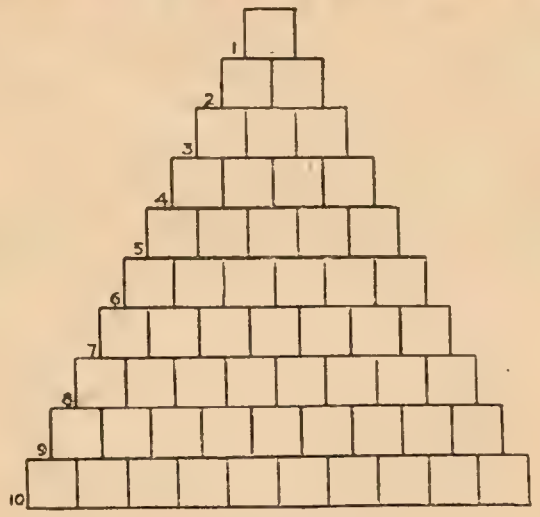
(The answer is on page 52)

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

By Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **ANIMAL TREASURE** by Ivan T. Sanderson. The Viking Press.

An extraordinary story of a naturalist with a new idea and what he found out. As interesting as any detective romance and much more satisfying.



PYRAGRAMS

To work a Pyragram you first fill in Row 10. From this row you take away a certain letter, rearrange what is left, and fill in Row 9. Continue this procedure until all rows are filled in. Clues to the proper way to fill in the various rows appear below. If you want, you can start from the top down.

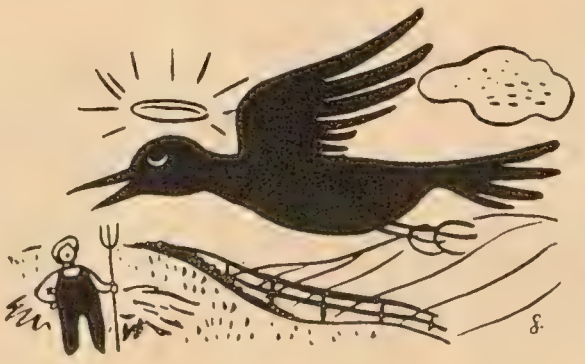
CLUES TO ROWS: 10—" One who takes dictation." 9—Four words, including " males " and " heavenly body." 8—Three words, including " meal." 7—Two words, including " errs." 6—Two words, including " into." 5—Two words, including part of " to be." 4—" Principal." 3—" Strengthen." 2—Part of " to be." 1—An article.

(The answer is on page 52)

'TISN'T SO

By R. E. Doan

CROWS are not altogether harmful to farmers—in fact, they are quite beneficial at times. Although they do destroy birds' nests on occasion and cause con-



siderable damage locally to newly planted grain, they feed extensively on insect pests and small animals which are injurious to crops. Crows save farmers many thousands of dollars each year.

BIRDS AND FISH are not branches of life separate and distinct from animals. The term " animal " correctly includes both birds and fish.

LINKS AND LINKS

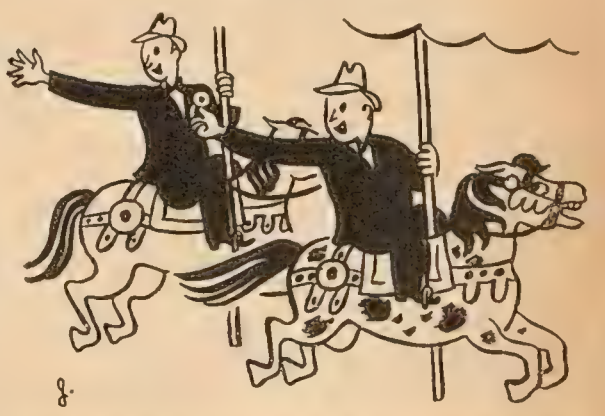
By F. Gregory Hartswick

The following little puzzle, if properly attacked, is simple. Here it is:

Two men went a-tilting at the rings on a merry-go-round and each captured a certain number. Adolphus Brown beat Augustus Jones by six rings. Both winner and loser had the rings they had captured made into a chain as a souvenir of the occasion. Brown's chain was exactly sixteen inches long and Jones' a modest six inches.

The rings were all of exactly the same size and made of iron one half an inch thick. Can you tell from these statistics how many rings each man won?

(The answer is on page 52)



WAS JUSTICE DONE?

By Lon Murray

From France comes the case of Vacher the Shepherd Killer. His crimes started when he shot his sweetheart, then turned the weapon on himself. The bullet lodged behind the right ear and could not be removed. He was placed in a lunatic asylum, but was discharged in May, 1894, as cured. Thereafter the record of the " cured " Vacher follows:

May 29, 1894: Eugénie Delhomme, 20, attacked; mutilated.
Nov. 20, 1894: Louise Marcel, throat cut; mutilated.
April 25, 1895: Widow Morand, 58, attacked.
May 12, 1895: Augustine Mortureux, throat cut; mutilated.
Sept. 22, 1895: Aline Alaise, 16, throat cut; mutilated.
Sept. 29, 1895: Pierre Masseau, 14, disemboweled.
March 1, 1896: Marie Derout, 14, attempted assault.
Sept. 10, 1896: —— Lerue, 19, throat cut; robbed.
Oct. 1, 1896: Rosine Rodier, 14, disemboweled.
May 15, 1897: Clodin Beaupied, murdered.

The Shepherd Killer was brought to the bar of justice October 26, 1898. He admitted his guilt, saying: " I have been the blind instrument of God's will. I was bitten at the age of nine by a mad dog. . . . I am liable to sudden fits of madness. I attack the first comer. I hit; I kill innocents."

During the trial he made faces and bit himself. He appeared, however, far from slow-witted. The defense pleaded insanity. Was Vacher deemed legally guilty or innocent?

(The actual court verdict is on page 52)

Cryptic Confession!

The Case of the Murdered Model

BY A HEADQUARTERS OLD-TIMER

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

"HOPE they send this fellow Irwin to the chair!" The paper the missus threw down flamed with pictures of Ronnie Gedeon, the artists' model that Bob Irwin, twenty-nine-year-old sculptor, divinity student, and insane-asylum graduate, was said to have murdered.

"Maybe he ain't the guy that did the killing," I said.

"Shucks!" said the missus, a profane woman at heart. "He confessed it."

"That don't mean anything. I was mixed up in a case once where three different people confessed to a murder, and they were all as innocent as a baby!"

You remember the circumstances in this case: Easter Sunday, 1937. Carillons pealing out the glad tidings that "Christ the Lord is risen today." Ethel Gedeon Kudner and her husband, Joe, scuttling along East Fiftieth Street, Manhattan.

"Mama told us we mustn't be late," the girl said. Then, as they neared the brownstone steps of No. 316, she exclaimed: "Why, father!"

The meek grayish little man standing on the stoop, and clutching a bouquet of roses almost as big as he was, had long been estranged from his wife, Mary, and had been living in the back room of his small shop at 215 East Thirty-fourth Street. "Kicked out by my own wife and daughter," he was quoted as saying. But now, apparently, he was trying to reinstate himself.

"Nobody answered the bell," he said. "I'll go up and see what's the matter."

Kudner offered to go, but the scraggy little man insisted on climbing the three flights himself. From the hall below they could hear him call, "Mary!" Then they couldn't hear anything. Then he came skidding down the stairs.

"They've been murdered!" he yelled as he rushed by.

By the time Ethel had recovered from the shock, Gedeon was back with Lieutenant Marty Owens and Detective Bill Gilmartin of the Seventeenth. Other policemen followed quickly—Ruddy McLaughlin, Charlie McGowan, Tony Fader, and Tom Tunney, Gene Tunney's brother. Led by Owens, the blue tide surged up the stairs and into the apartment on the fourth floor where Mary Gedeon lived with her daughter Veronica, Veronica's friend Lucy Biacco, and a young English lodger named Frank Byrnes.

The living room was completely in order except for a few pieces of soap on the floor near the door of the bedroom usually occupied by Mrs. Gedeon and Ronnie. This room was also in order; the bed had not been slept in. But in one of the apartment's two remaining rooms Byrnes was lying on his side, as if asleep, with fifteen gashes in the side of his head which might have been made with an ice pick. The weapon had apparently reached the brain. There was no sign of struggle. The young man was quite dead.

In the fourth room, the one belonging to the absent Lucy Biacco, a small dog was yapping. Owens and his men followed the sound—and beheld, face downward on the bed, the wholly naked body of twenty-year-old Veronica Gedeon, the most beautiful model in New York.

It was her slender neck, so smooth, so white, that told the story of her death. She had been strangled.

After a speechless moment, Marty Owens turned to little Gedeon, asking, "Didn't you say you had a wife?"

Before there was time for an answer, Bill Gilmartin felt a tug at his trouser leg. It was the little dog, a Peke, which had emerged from under the bed. The Peke would not be denied. It was obviously trying to attract attention to the space under the bed.

"My wife's dog, Touchi," said Gedeon, dropping to one knee and lifting up the bedclothes.

"My God, another one!" cried Gil, as there came into view the body of fifty-four-year-old Mary Gedeon, only partially covered by the torn shreds of a flimsy nightgown. It was badly bruised about the abdomen, and the neck, like Ronnie's, bore the marks of the murderer's hands.

By this time Assistant Chief Inspector Lyons and several of us from the Homicide Squad had arrived.

"Who discovered this crime?" asked the Chief.

"I did," said little Gedeon.

Lyons listened attentively to his recital.

"What business are you in, Mr. Gedeon?"

"I'm an upholsterer."

You could have knocked over every cop of us with the well known feather! It was a year almost to the day since we had stood in another apartment in this same section of the city and listened to John Fiorenza, also an upholsterer, tell how he had "discovered" the body of Mrs. Nancy Titterton. Fiorenza paid the penalty for his "discovery" on the hot seat at Sing Sing.

New light on a 1937 detective classic in real life... A veteran's view of the Gedeon tragedy and its aftermath

And now *this* upholsterer? *This* "discoverer"? Was he trying to improve on the Fiorenza technique? And this bunch of roses—was it a floral smoke screen?

"Watch him," whispered Lyons to Inspector Kear. "Don't let him out of our sight. Better still, don't let *any* of them out of it."

The apartment yielded little in the way of clues, except more nudity: quantities of photographs of the dead girl, taken by famous artists, which displayed her almost perfect figure in every conceivable provocative pose. Finally a searcher turned up an old diary of Ronnie's and the inevitable "little black book" in which she listed the

names and telephone numbers of the artists who employed her and the men who took her out.

We also found a man's gray glove, much the worse for wear, with an indentation on the forefinger which might have been made by such an instrument as had killed Byrnes; but there was no trace of the instrument itself.

Superintendent Mary Ferry of the Midtown Hospital, which abuts the apartment property on the rear, said her nurses had heard no unusual sound during the night. The occupants of the next flat, separated only by a thin wall, had heard no disturbance. Of all the tenants in the apartment house, only Cosmo Cambinias, two floors below, was at all helpful. As he was getting into bed the night before, he thought he heard a scream somewhere above him. He went to the open window and listened, but heard nothing more. As he turned out the light the clock struck eleven.

It was impossible, prior to an autopsy, to fix the exact time of death. But it was the Medical Examiner's opinion that Mrs. Gedeon and the lodger had been killed first—eleven o'clock seemed not unlikely—and the girl later. Asked if the motive for the slaying of the woman was criminal assault, he said it was hard to tell, but the bruises on Mrs. Gedeon's abdomen looked like it.

The telephone rang. Detective McGowan went to it.

"Hello," said a man's voice.

"Who is this?" replied Mac.

"Steve."

"Steve who?"

"Steve Butter."

"Where are you, Steve?"

"At home."

Without telling too much, McGowan was able to persuade the man on the other end of the wire to give him his address and to agree to stay where he was for the next fifteen minutes. McGowan promptly went to call on him.

Steve, a tall, prepossessing youth of twenty-five, was the first of the big parade of Ronnie Gedeon's boy friends to be questioned. His story was much more straightforward and believable and helpful than many that followed.

Steve's chum, Lincoln Hauser, who was Ronnie's current "steady," had to be away over the weekend and had asked him to "look out for Ronnie." He bought a bottle of gin, took her up to his apartment, and they danced to the radio until 2 A. M. There was another lad along, Frank Schlenner, and Ronnie was to have brought a girl for him, Jean Karp, her best friend; but Jean was sick. Ronnie cooked them a swell spaghetti supper. Frank decided to turn in. So Steve took the girl over to the Monte Carlo bar, had a few more drinks, and "walked her home."

Ronnie liked to drink and dance and have fun—but nothing wrong about her, so far as Steve knew. They sat down on the steps for a while. Ronnie was a little tight, but not too tight. He dated her up for the next morning to see the Easter parade. Then she said good night and started up the stairs. He looked at his wrist watch as he turned away. It was five minutes past three.

The slain artists' model.

Ronnie Gedeon, all accounts say, liked to drink and dance and have fun. In fact, she was doing this the night that Bob Irwin, at left, says he killed her.

At ten thirty he came around again, as planned, but got no response to his ring. He figured the whole family was sleeping late, so he went away. Later he called up—and got Mac.

That was Steve's story—quite believable. Moreover, a telephone call from Doc Gonzales, the Medical Examiner, saying that remnants of spaghetti had been found in the girl's stomach and much alcohol in her brain tended to substantiate it.

Mrs. Gedeon had eaten a hearty dinner, which was only partially digested when she died. This rather confirmed the eleven-o'clock theory.

We could now get a fairly clear picture: Mrs. Gedeon, back from dinner in a neighborhood tearoom which she frequented, puttered around the house as women do. Byrnes, a shy unsociable chap, left the Racquet Club on Park Avenue, where he was employed, at 8.41—the club time clock told that—and, as was his habit, came straight home and went to bed. Mrs. Gedeon undressed and prepared to retire. It was then that the intruder entered the apartment.

Either he was known to Mrs. Gedeon, and was therefore admitted by her in spite of her being in her nightdress, or he was some one who had a key. Touchi, the Peke, who had been complained of many times because he could be heard all over the apartment house barking at every visiting stranger, had apparently not lifted his voice upon the murderer's entrance.

Whoever the intruder was, and whatever his motive, he evidently attacked Mrs. Gedeon before she could make sufficient outcry to wake Byrnes. After he had had his way with her, he bethought himself of possible witnesses. It was then that he discovered the sleeping Byrnes, and, fearing that the lodger was feigning slumber as a measure of self-protection, murdered him.

Then—with the two corpses growing cold around him—he waited four hours to murder Ronnie.

It was not difficult to reconstruct the scene when the beautiful girl came home. A bit befuddled, she was still careful not to turn on the lights, except in the bathroom, which gave off the hall. There the bulb was still shining faintly in the daylight when Owens and Gilmartin arrived. There, doubtless, she had followed her usual custom of undressing "so as not to wake up mother." There she must have been standing when the fiend got her.

The mother's body he had already hidden in Lucy Biacco's room. The daughter's body, for some unknown reason, he carried into the same room and flung across the bed. Then he left—perhaps without even bothering to close the outside door. Gedeon claimed he had found the door open when he came up the stairs. On the other hand, Gedeon may have had a key.

MEANWHILE, the boys assigned to diary reading dug up a puppy-love affair Ronnie had had with a boy she called Bobby but whose real name was Walter Flower. He proved to be a nice-looking young man of twenty-eight who had the hot-dog concession at the 212th Regiment Armory, scene of the American Bowling Congress.

"I wish I could help you," he said.

"You can," said Kear. "You were her husband."

This Walter Flower, who had won and married the beauteous Veronica Gedeon, only to have his marriage annulled on the ground that Ronnie was a minor—well, here was a man with cause to hate this joy girl of the studios and her whole interfering family.

But any hopes we may have had of pinning the Easter massacre on dark-eyed Walter became pretty thin when he was able to show that the annulment had been obtained by mutual consent, and that he and the Gedeons had remained the best of friends.

The little black book bulging with telephone numbers promised to be more productive. But there was an extraordinary vacation exodus—for March—of famous painters and sculptors and magazine illustrators. Several important Wall Street men also found this an ideal time for golf at Pinehurst or even a belated sun tan in Miami. A certain surgeon of Manhattan, however, who had figured prominently in recent entries in the little black book, was found doing business at the regular stand.

Yes, he remembered Veronica Gedeon. Charming girl. She had been his patient. What complaint? He would see. Much thumbing of cards in a desk file. Oh, yes, abdominal pains. He had cured her. By an abortion? It was a chance shot, but it went home. He compromised with the detectives by offering to give the name of the man who had paid for Veronica's "treatments."

The man, a very prominent New Yorker whose name never appeared in the case, admitted the acquaintance, the love affair, the bill, and the abortion. Here was a man whom Ronnie and her family might have harassed with blackmail, might have driven to acts of violence. But no. He said he and the girl had continued the best of friends. He had loved her very deeply; had offered to leave his wife and three children, get a divorce and marry her; but she wasn't willing to break up his home.

It was Jean Karp, Ronnie's girl friend, who told us about Frenchy. Georges Guiret was his real name, and he had come to America in 1923. Failing to make his fortune, as he hoped, he turned chauffeur, and boarded for some time with the Gedeons. Miss Karp remembered him as "very excitable and unpredictable in his actions."

"He was always running around making a rumpus," said Jean. "We threw him out of Mrs. Gedeon's house time and again; but he always came bouncing back, shouting, 'Mother, I love you,' or 'Jean, I love you,' or 'Veronica, I love you.' One day he was going to marry me, and another day he was going to marry Ronnie, and still another day he was hugging and kissing Mrs. Gedeon and pinching her cheeks and was going to marry her."

FRENCHY fitted into our theory of the killing. He was doubtless known to Touchi, the Peke. Also, two blood-stained handkerchiefs were found in his room. His story of his movements on the Saturday night in question was simply that he arrived home at ten thirty and went right to bed. Pressed for supporting evidence, he would only repeat excitedly, "Ask my landlady!"

So we did. Mrs. Alice Paterson had had Frenchy under her roof for some time. He slept on the ground floor. She had said good night to him, as he asserted, at ten thirty, and had gone up to her own room on the third floor. Then she added the obvious truth that knocked Frenchy's alibi into a tricornered hat: "He could easily have gone out and come back without my knowing it."

Meanwhile, we had put a tail on Joe Gedeon the moment he had left the apartment Sunday afternoon, after he had answered some searching questions from Inspector Kear.

About seven o'clock Saturday evening, according to his story, he had dropped into Corrigan's Bar and Grill on Third Avenue near Thirty-fourth Street for an evening of skee-ball playing and constructive drinking. He could prove that he had been there, because he had made top score and won the dollar prize and his name was on the blackboard. About midnight a friend named Tom Kelly had dropped in with two girls; and all four had played. Then, about closing time, he went home.

"What time was that?"

"About three o'clock."

Immediately the long hand of the clock pointed an accusing finger at the estranged husband and father, Joseph Gedeon. It was but a fifteen-minute walk or a five-minute ride from Corrigan's to Beekman Hill.

Gedeon showed neither nervousness nor regret for the fate that had overtaken his family. "They never would listen to me," he said. He spoke of his late wife, according to interviewers, as "the coldest woman I ever knew," and complained bitterly because the two women hadn't carried life insurance in his favor. He contemplated, not without relish, the possibility of getting married again to a younger and warmer woman.

As he spoke, he was sitting on the bed-couch in the back room of his little upholstery shop on Thirty-fourth Street. Framing his thin face and scraggly gray head, on the wall above him and on either side, were photographs and lithographs of exceedingly full-busted ladies—a collection of which he spoke with pride.

Wednesday morning, after we had learned all we could by letting him run loose, we picked him up and took him to the Seventeenth Precinct for the forty-eight hours of questioning which the law allows. While it was going on, we moved in on his shop and picture gallery. We were

particularly interested in a brown suit which he was said to have worn at Corrigan's but had not worn since. The brown coat was there, but the trousers had apparently disappeared.

More significant still, there was missing from the shop that indispensable tool of his trade—his regulator needle. This is a sturdy shaft of steel as long as an ice pick and pointed. Asked about its suspicious absence, he said, "I lost it a few days ago."

The proprietor of Corrigan's could give only partial corroboration of Joe's alibi. Gedeon himself could name no one who had seen him return, well liquored up, to his Thirty-fourth Street home. But now, when the man's confession seemed only a matter of hours, one of those detective magazines the missus is always reading—True Detective Mysteries it was, and I read it myself plenty!—turned up with an alibi witness for Joe.

Tony Rocco, former amateur fighter and now a "handler" on an evening paper, who lived in the same building with the upholsterer, told us he was coming home from a party early Sunday morning, and ran into Gedeon, good and drunk, turning the key in the lock of his ground-floor store. When Rocco reached his own apartment on an upper floor, he looked at his wrist watch to set his alarm clock. The time, he said, was 3.05!

It was at this point that the Kudners told Lieutenant Marty Owens about Robert Irwin.

Irwin, it seemed, had formerly been a lodger in the Gedeon household. He was a sculptor, which might account for the whittled pieces of soap on the living-room floor, since sculptors frequently work in soap, and—more important still—might explain the instrument used on Byrnes as a sculptor's needle-pointed tool.

BOB IRWIN, as excitable as Frenchy Guiret and quite as unpredictable, was a suitor for the hand and heart of Ethel, the older sister. Ethel preferred steady Joe Kudner, and the family did, too. Irwin took Ethel's marriage so hard that he tried to emasculate himself, and, failing, voluntarily entered an insane asylum.

Dismissed twice as legally sane, he gave up sculpture, for which he had a real gift, for theology—and was promptly evicted from his divinity school for punching a fellow theologue in the face.

Smarting under his expulsion, and still nursing his grudge against Ethel and her family—this was the new theory of the crime—Irwin came to New York, visited the Beekman Hill apartment in search of Ethel (although he knew she no longer lived there and did know her new address), and, while waiting for his love, killed off the rest of the Gedeon women and the lodger.

To some, this solution of the case didn't make sense. But when the boy was found to have departed mysteriously, in quick succession, from the lodginghouses of two ladies named

FOR FLAVOR, FUN AND MOUTH-FRESH FEELING

CHEW WITH A PURPOSE

1. ORALGENE is a firmer, "chewier" gum. It gives your mouth, teeth and gums needed exercise.

2. ORALGENE contains milk of magnesia (dehydrated). It helps to mouth freshness.

3. ORALGENE helps keep teeth clean — and fresh-looking throughout the day. Chew it after every meal.

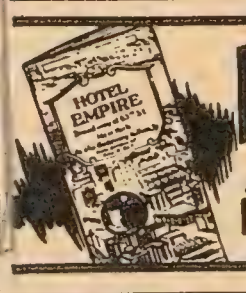
Each piece individually wrapped

ORALGENE

pronounced oral gene (mouth health)

A DELICIOUS BEECH-NUT PRODUCT

SOLD WHERE BEECH-NUT GUM IS DISPLAYED



FREE beautiful guide map "L" of New York City.

Rates from $2.50 for two

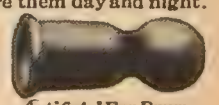
Hotel EMPIRE

BROADWAY at 63rd STREET, N.Y.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—

Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.


Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
747 McKerchey Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

LEMONS HAVE AN

ALKALINE FACTOR

(IMPORTANT TO COLD RESISTANCE)

So have LUDEN'S

Menthol Cough Drops 5¢

From a MEDICAL JOURNAL

"The researches (of these doctors) led them to believe that colds result from an acid condition. To overcome this, they prescribe various alkalies."

LUDEN'S—A Test Will Tell

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

HEAD ALL STOPPED UP WITH COLD? CAN'T SLEEP? TRY THIS!
ROTTEN COLD—HEAD ALL STOPPED UP, DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST NIGHT.
TRY THIS BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTE. I ALWAYS USE THEM WHEN MY HEAD IS CLOGGED UP WITH A COLD.
SAY, THAT'S WONDERFUL, JUST THESE FIRST FEW PUFFS HAVE GIVEN ME RELIEF.
YES, THAT WARM MEDICAL SMOKE CERTAINLY DOES RELIEVE LOCAL CONGESTION.

Prove it for yourself—ask any druggist for a small package of Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarettes or write today for

FREE Sample Cigarettes

to The Blosser Co., Dept. 82A, Atlanta, Ga.

DR. BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTES

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

DR. T. J. RASTELLI
London Physician

Dr. T. J. Rastelli, well known physician and surgeon of London, England, says: "The chief way your body cleans out acids and poisonous wastes in your blood is thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs." If functional disorders due to germs in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backache, Swollen Joints, Acidity, or Burning Passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such germs with the doctor's prescription Cystex. Cystex starts working in 3 hours and must prove entirely satisfactory in 1 week and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for Cystex (Siss-tex) today. The guarantee protects you.

Ottburg and Pflug, the press, the public, and, I must say, the police united on Robert Irwin as the perpetrator of the triple murder.

Three weeks—and two suitcases containing his clothing and a clock, which Lucy Biacco identified as her own, showed up in the check-your-bag room at the Grand Central. The clock was of the alarm variety, and of a type of which thousands are sold in drugstores and chain stores.

Two months more—and a plump dark-haired pantry maid in a Cleveland hotel saw the photograph of "Robert Irwin, Wanted for Murder" in her detective magazine, and laughingly said to her chum, "Why, that looks like Bob, the new bar boy." Next day, to tease the boy, she said.

"What's your last name, Bob?"

"Murray," he said hesitatingly.

"Ever hear of Bob Irwin?" she bantered.

The bar boy mumbled a "No," walked out, and never came back.

A day later, in Chicago, an unknown man who said he was Robert Irwin called up the Tribune office and, for a price, offered to surrender himself and confess to the murders in the Gedeon case. The hard-boiled Tribune man gave him a great big laugh and rang off. The man who answered the phone at the Herald and Examiner office was more believing. Fifteen minutes later Robert Irwin sauntered into the office, wrote out his confession, and collected his money.

From late Saturday until mid-afternoon Sunday the newspaper boys concealed their prize in a hotel, played cards with him, and gave him a good time generally. Then they turned him over to the authorities.

Henrietta Koscianski, back there in her Cleveland hotel pantry, was very sorry for Bob. "I feel like a nickel," she said; but the detective magazine came through with a good fat reward, and now she feels better.

Irwin's version of the crime—significantly, some thought—differed only slightly from the one already built up by the police and thoroughly elaborated in the newspapers, except that he asked us to believe that he sat there those four hours, from eleven to three, without bothering his head about Byrnes, who, he said, came in while he was talking with Mrs. Gedeon. Then, after he had finished with Ronnie and had despaired of finding Ethel, he killed off the lodger and went his way.

Well, that's his story—and it seems to be accepted as gospel truth by those who are higher in rank, and doubtless in wisdom, than this Old-Timer. But there *are* those who don't believe a word of it!

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: As a detective, I certainly am fascinated by a feature of this case which seems to be growing increasingly prominent in crime detection: the part which the true detective magazine is playing in the apprehension of suspects.

I understand that Mr. Fulton Oursler, the editor of Liberty, was responsible for the starting in True Detective Mysteries of that invaluable feature, The Line-Up, which has now been widely copied by other periodicals; and that Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, public-spirited publisher of both Liberty and True Detective Mysteries, has spent a small fortune rewarding amateurs who, like the Cleveland pantry maid, recognize the "wanted" man or woman from a picture in the magazine.

Whether, in this particular case, the man so caught was the real murderer is beside the point. Irwin was wanted in connection with a brutal unsolved mystery. The police of an entire nation couldn't catch him. The magazine line-up did.

THE END

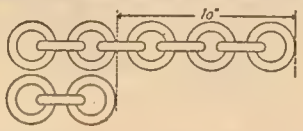
The Old-Timer will look into other famous criminal cases, and New York's District Attorney Dodge will throw light on the reasons why some memorable murders were never solved—both in early issues of Liberty.

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 47

LINKS AND LINKS ANSWER

It is a little rule which may be handy to remember that the length of a chain of similar circular links is equal to the inner width of the ring, or link, multiplied by the number of links and added to twice the thickness of the metal in the ring.

Now, it is said that Brown captured six more rings than Jones and that Brown's chain was sixteen inches long, while Jones' was six inches long. The temptation is to assume that a chain of six links is ten inches long. But if you look at the accompanying drawing you will see that the



difference in length of the chains is not six full links, but five links plus the inner width minus twice the thickness of the iron. Applying our rule to a chain of five links, we get five times the inner width plus twice the thickness of the iron (one inch). We then add the inner width minus twice the thickness of the iron (one inch again), which gives us simply six times the inner width as the difference in length of the two chains. We are told that this is ten inches, therefore the inner width must have been one sixth of ten, or one and two thirds inches.

Knowing the inner width, we now apply it first to a chain sixteen inches long and then to a chain six inches long, which gives us nine links and three links respectively—the number of rings each man won.

BABY BAFFLER ANSWER

The two automobiles were 110 miles apart. They traveled toward each other at the rate of 55 miles an hour. Consequently they met exactly one hour after starting. The plane flew until they met (one hour) and as it traveled at the rate of 186½ miles an hour, it flew, of course, 186½ miles.

SHEPHERD KILLER VERDICT

Guilty, condemned to death, executed January 1, 1899. Vacher was considered responsible for his actions, as claimed by the prosecution and its medical experts, but the prison doctor who observed and attended the killer insisted the man was insane.

PUZZLE POEM ANSWER

SPIN, SNIP, NIPS, PINS.

PYRAGRAM ANSWER

A
AM
MAN
MAIN
MAN IS
IN MASS
MAN SINS
IN AN MESS
IS A MEN SUN
AMANUENSIS

FREE AIR *from a* TAXI PILOT

Meet Shorty McCoy again . . . Trouble's still on his trail!

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

HELLO, Mazie; what's big in the lunchroom world today?

Listen, kid, have you been thinking over what I said about us going against the matrimony? Whadda we got to lose, Mazie? Say, listen, with *my rep* as a taxi pilot and *your looks* we could be out in front. No kidding, Mazie, a man, a woman, and two toothbrushes could lick the world, don't think they couldn't. What do you mean, I haven't any dough? Say, I'm sitting pretty. I'm caught up with my room rent and laundry and have 34.25 socked away. To prove it, take a slant at my bankbook! As a matter of fact, I was going to blow the taxi to a new set of tires and a valve job, but the trap can wait. Here, slip me a bowl of java and a pair of cruellers while I figure out how much the wedding is going to set me back.

Let's see—*one* buck for the *license, another* for the *clerk* to announce the Love, Honor and Oh Boy stuff, and *twenty* for the first month's rent. Two and two are four, drop one and carry the hod—that makes twenty-two bucks in all. Next comes the down payment on the Louie the Fourteenth set. Altogether, that's—

What? How about the ring? Holy smoke, I almost forgot. Come to think of it, I know an esqimo in Chatham Square who will sell me a diamond-studded wedding hoop for two bits the week and give me six years to pay. What's more, if you'll say the word, I'll go on the mit for a sparkler that will make the headlight on a locomotive look like a firefly. As for the funnymoon, we still have twelve bucks to play with. We can either take the night boat to Albany and back, or we can grab my cab and tour to your uncle's dump up in the Poke-in-the-nose Mountains. You know the uncle I mean, the one that greases the bends on the Erie. He may be tighter than the skin on a banjo, but we can put the bee on him for cakes and lay-me-down for a couple or ten days. What say, shall we leap?

What! You still can't see the idea? For crimp sake, hop on your horse and be sensible! Here I've been trying to make life easy for you and you pull a scull like that. You would! So you won't play, eh? Okay, if that's the way you feel about it, I'll buy the taxi the new set of shoes and run 'em ragged. Slip me a beef stew, kid, while you come to your senses. And in the meantime I'll tell you what I was up against the other night. Honest, Mazie, I'm telling you, this taxi racket is just one load of grief after another.

Well, anyhoo, I was cruising up Fourteenth Street when a pair of odd looking goofers hailed me. I tagged them for moroons. The guy was a big, fat, blue-chinned gazooney with a nose so big it made the marquee on the Roxy look like a plate rack. Draped over his beak were some horned-rimmed cheaters that looked like the portholes on the Eel de France. He sported a two-button striped comedy cut that would make a burlesque comedian throw in the sponge. Oh, I tell you, Mazie, we meet all kinds in this racket.

With him was a dizzy-looking dame with enough paint and powder on her pan to make a Seminole Indian think he worked in a flour mill. She was minus her eyebrows and instead, had a pair of Dietrichs stenciled halfway up her forrid. Whata darb! In her ears hung a flock of hardware that would make a floor lamp look naked. They consisted of dangling doo-dads studded with Turkish coins the likes of which you can buy in Hester Street for two bucks the pound. Oh, she was a cute dish all right. The yell is, she had on a mink coat with nothing under it but a silk nightie. To go with the couple was a little steakhound called "Mickie." Mickie had a tag on his rhinestone harness labelled, "Body by Fisher." To make him look nifty, his nails were manicured a *cherry red* with moons and everything. A howl, what?

As soon as they parked their hips in the cab, the guy with the big horn yelled:

"Go up Fifth Avenue and take it slow!"

Thinking they were out for an airing, I pulled down the iyron flag and started on my merry way. As I lamped them in the mirror, I caught them gunning the shop windows along the Avenue, especially the nifty ones. When I got up into the Fifties, the egg told me to pull up to a certain window and stop. I had no more than turned off the ignition than the guy said to the dame:

"Look! There's that new Wallie cocktail gown hot from Paris. We'll *lift everything* but the *buttons*."

The next thing I knew, the dame started *sketching the dress* on a big pad. I lit a butt and listened.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Sweetie," he whispered, "we'll make up five thousand of those models for peanuts and unload them on the yappies in the whistle stops for twenty bucks, get me?"

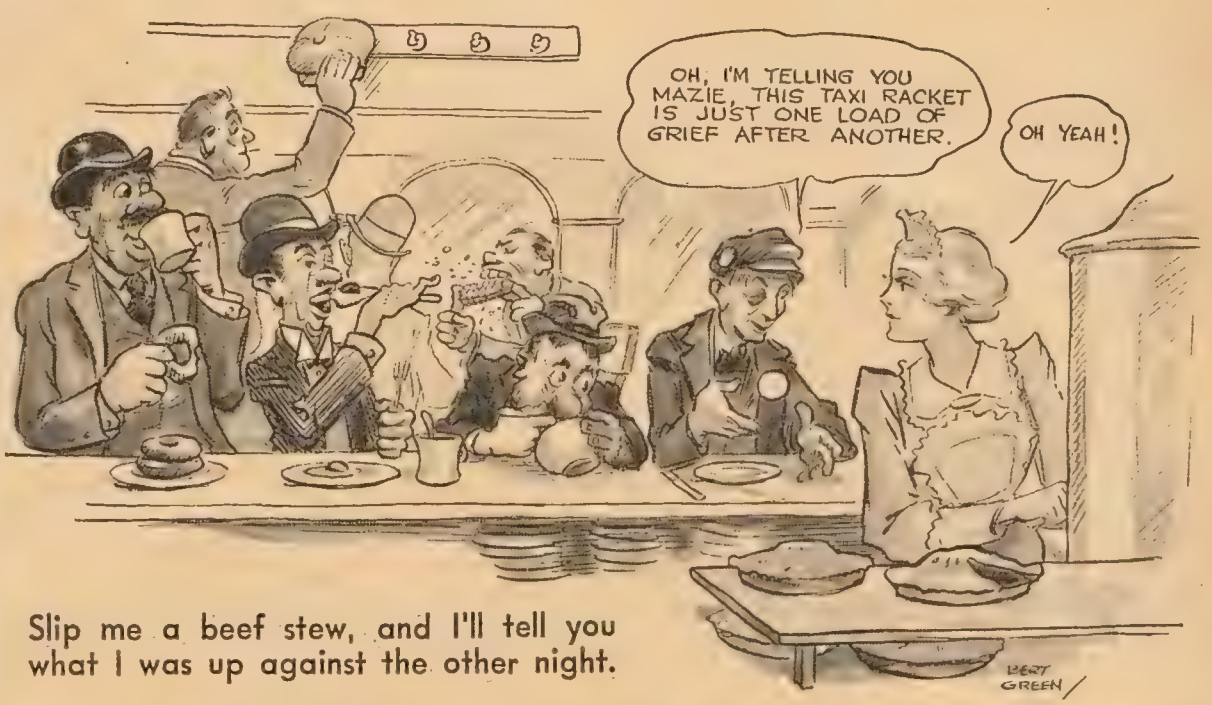
Well, when they got through pinching the styles, they ordered me to beat it over to a certain office building on Forty-fifth Street. They told me to *wait*, saying they would slip me a *swell tip*. Well, I hung around for about an hour and nothing happened. Come to find out, the punks had beat it through an arcade and powdered with the 4.90 I had on the gyp-meter. To top the fun, I found a note on the rear seat that read:

"THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE."

Listen, Mazie, I was fit to be chained. If I ever lay my lunch hooks on that big ham-and-egger again—

Well, kid, I'm off to make some dough with my galloping gas buggy. Maybe you'll change your mind about marrying me if I come up with a load of clamshells, eh? See you soon.

Look for more amusing adventures from our taxi-driving hero in an early issue of Liberty.



Slip me a beef stew, and I'll tell you what I was up against the other night.

Words and picture by BERT GREEN

LIBERTY OFFERS

$1,000 IN CASH PRIZES

IN THE NEW

"COUNT 'EM" CONTEST

YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT

START YOUR ENTRY NOW YOU MAY WIN $500

HERE they are, ladies and gentlemen! A few paper clips. Count 'em accurately and be well on your way toward winning one of Liberty's numerous and worth-while cash awards. This is a test of your concentration and accuracy. There are no tricks. Every clip in the group is identifiable and can be counted. Work out your own technique, but by all means be sure to start an entry before you leave this page. It may result in the addition of a sizable sum to your budget. Your chance to win is excellent if you get started without further delay. Clip and save Coupon No. 2 until you have all six totals.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

A reprint of Group No. 1, together with the scoring coupon, is available if you did not enter last week and a copy of Liberty dated October 9 is not at hand. Mail your request to the contest address given in Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Your request will be filled without delay and you will be enabled to make up lost ground and bring your entry even with the field.

THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will publish a COUNT 'EM CONTEST picture. Each picture will show a tangle of objects which can be accurately and definitely counted to give the total number of units in the group.

2. To compete, count the units in each picture as it is published and note your count on the official entry coupon provided for that purpose. Save all coupons until your set of six is complete, then send them in as a unit at the same time at the end of the contest. Coupons sent individually will not be considered.

3. With your set of six coupons include a brief statement of not more than 50 words explaining "Why I read Liberty."

4. The complete entry which contains the greatest number of correct counts and is accompanied by the most logical, constructive statement, will be judged the best and will receive the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis others will receive the following prizes: Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; Ten Prizes, each $10; Fifty Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, November 24, the closing date of this contest.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to COUNT 'EM CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding any entry. Simplicity is best.

8. Anyone anywhere may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

GROUP NO. 2

USE THIS COUPON

LIBERTY'S
" COUNT 'EM " CONTEST
OFFICIAL SCORING COUPON NO. 2

Total number of units in Group No. 2.....

Submitted by

NAME .....

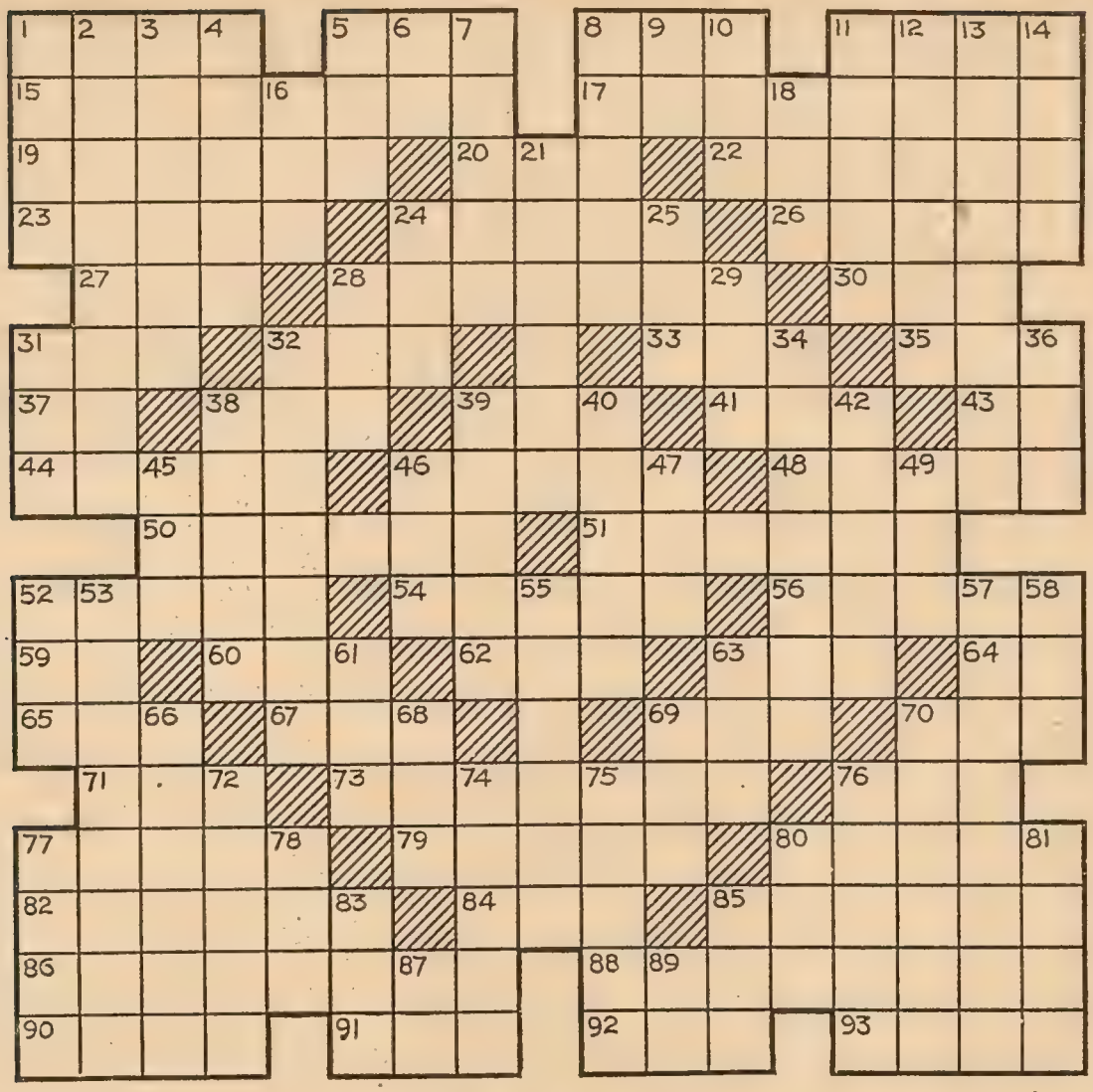
ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(Save this coupon until the end of the contest and submit a complete set of six with statement)

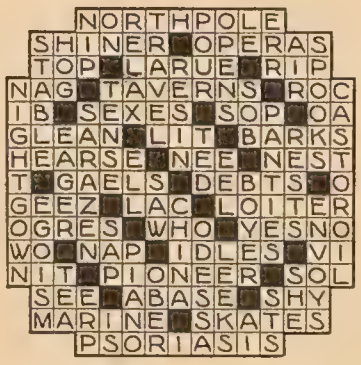
WATCH FOR COUNT 'EM PICTURE NO. 3 NEXT WEEK!

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Saucy
5 A tooth
8 Tangled mass of hair
11 Sulk
15 Formal proposition
17 Inflamed with love
19 Recommit
20 A negative
22 Pertaining to the nostrils
23 Perform
24 Of a wall
26 Shallow vessel
27 A cravat
28 Sales at second hand
30 Parcel of land
31 Firearm
32 Regard studiously
33 A fish
35 Unused
37 Scoriated lava
38 A pronoun
39 A toy
41 A barrier
43 None
44 A kind of rock
46 Enticed
48 An adhesive
50 A cylindrical saw
51 Contrivance
52 More recent
54 A nut
56 Observed
59 Comparative suffix
60 Skin tumor
62 Salt
63 A fowl
64 Greek letter
65 A limb
67 Small mark
69 Encore (Ital.)
70 Sped
71 Row
73 Irrigated



Answer to last week's puzzle

76 Comprehension
77 Heron
79 Fixed attention on
80 Philippine province
82 Part of a palm (pl.)
84 Man's name
85 Chide vehemently
86 Snoring sounds
88 Pacifies
90 A number (pl.)
91 Saturate
92 Oriental sauce
93 A trial

VERTICAL

1 A minute orifice
2 Ultimate
3 Stay
4 Clue
5 Food chewed over
6 Either
7 A classification
8 An element
9 Upon
10 Cooking utensil
11 Right
12 A devotional prayer
13 Contrite
14 Paradise
16 High explosive (abbr.)
18 Fairy queen
21 Declaimer
24 Human beings
25 Side of a triangle
28 Deer
29 Dejected
31 A fuel
32 Applauded
34 A plundering (pl.)
36 Grief
38 Scatter
39 Airs
40 A lever
42 A county in Alabama
45 An Asiatic coin
46 Lick up
47 Lair
49 Place
52 Grassland
53 Make undue claim
55 Antics
57 Issues forth
58 Urge payment
61 The present
63 Secreted
66 Weasel-like animal
68 Strike lightly
69 Article of furniture
70 Rematch
72 Brings to maturity
74 Warm thoroughly
75 Harvests
76 Unit of weight for gems (var.)
77 Formerly
78 Trinitrotoluol (abbr.)
80 Dry, said of wine
81 Remainder
83 A swine
85 Arm of the sea
87 Syllable sounded in solmization
89 An exclamation

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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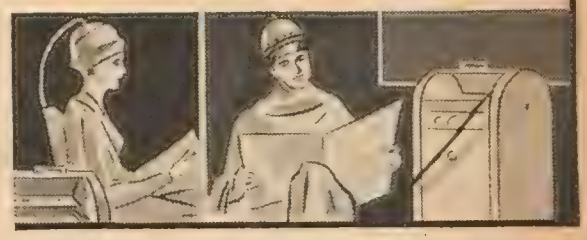

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Vox Pop

Blood-Test Everybody and Have Health Cards

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Not long ago the public was much impressed—and shocked—at the suggestion that the government should step in and fingerprint every individual in the United States. After the first reaction had worn off it was pretty generally agreed that this would be a logical and practical procedure. It is believed this will eventually come about as a great beneficence in the control of crime.

After reading I Am a Murderer (June 5 Liberty) and Fools in Love (September 4 Liberty), it seems that the suggestion "Blood-test everybody" would be of even greater benefit to mankind! Society, after the first shock was over, would submit with alacrity if they could but realize the lasting worth it would derive in the control and cure of syphilis.

Prudery, of course, is still our particular foe. Prudery might better be known as the disease mental halitosis. It belongs, with false pride, back in the American Dark Ages of the Pilgrim Fathers, witchcraft, and the mixing of magic potions.

Highly contagious, syphilis is not restricted to those of the world who are termed "unclean." It is no respecter of social registers. The hideous little germs that are, technically, *Spirochaeta pallida* do not give cause for alarm immediately, and only faint indication of their presence for years, and then break out in devastating fury. Unless the physician is a specialist in social diseases, he may not himself detect their presence, or may fail to do so because of fear of offending the patient by suggesting a blood test. Prudery again; because there are ways of being infected, quite innocently, other than sexual contact.

Statistics show that at least ten per cent of the population of the United States is infected.

Every man, woman, and child should be required to have a blood test, if not by a private doctor, then under government supervision. We spend millions of dollars every year in the building of safety devices. Every one must have a card to show the right to drive a car. In comparison, how much more important it is that every one should carry a health card showing whether syphilis is running through his or her blood, and to know that its nefarious progress can be halted by modern science!

There are millions who cannot afford a specialist. Therefore it is the duty of our government, federal and state, through the allegiance we give our flag, and the protection our flag is supposed to give to us, to blood-test everybody, so as to stamp out the whispered disease of the world.—*Rupert Hillyer.*

SHE TOOK WALKOUT POWDER

FORT WORTH, TEX.—Ouch! Murder! I wonder who stepped on John Atkins' "Bunion"? (September 4 Vox Pop.)

I'll bet a pretty nickel a wife got tired of "Who's the boss in this house?" and hanging suspenders before breakfast, and took a bitter "walkout powder," only to find some tall handsome sailor around the corner; and Mr. Atkins is squalling!

I never did hear a hound howl unless his tail was stepped on! Am I mad? Goodness gracious, no! There are such a few species of this kind left—let him live! —*A Might-Be 50-50.*

NEW BLOOD IN TWO MINUTES

LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.—Your newest addition to the folds of Liberty—to wit, the Two-Minute Man yarns—is just ducky.

Innovation, if not carried to too great extreme, is, I feel, new blood to any magazine. And leave it to Liberty to see—should I have said "sense"?—the needs of the reading public in this gosh-awful hustle-bustle age.—*Blanche Smith.*

HAYNEVILLE, ALA.—I have been watching Vox Pop to see if any one would say a few words about your Two-Minute Stories. I like these stories, but certainly did hate to give up It Happened In.—*J. Monroe Black.*

IT TAKES QUITE A PHYSIQUE TO WEAR A NIGHTGOWN

POCATELLO, IDA.—I am a constant reader of Liberty and especially Vox Pop. Have felt like answering some of these "wise guys" on several occasions, but felt that I would place myself in their class.

However, the boy who writes about nightshirts, in defense of them, has made the decision for me. (Referring to Seldome Wright, September 4 issue.) Where does he get the idea that men are sissies because they wear pajamas? Plain reasoning would show him the reverse is true. If men are so insistent upon their right to wear pants, why not be consistent?

As for pajamas being created some fifty years ago, I believe they were worn by the Chinese for centuries before we became wise to their comfort both for daytime and night use. And besides, this man must have quite a physique in order to be pleased with himself in a nightgown. Ask any girl or wife about that.

Another pain in the neck is the "Holy Joe" H. W. Newcomb, whose idea of heaven is evidently the old harp-and-wing classic and who apparently has not heard of the word "whimsical." I thought Vagabond Heaven (July 24 Liberty) one of the best short stories ever published and have heard many comments on it to the same effect.—*Teona C. McKail.*

HARDTACK IS PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER

MCKEESPORT, PA.—I am interested in knowing how seriously you have compared the value of the cartoon that appears in Liberty every other week recently in place of the cartoon called Hardtack. How can you compare the two? Hardtack was worth the price of the magazine alone. He was Presidential timber. What happened to your sense of values to cause you to disown him every other week for something that is not funny?—*Al Grossman.*

SAD LOT OF THE WPA'S

LINCOLN, NEB.—They laugh at us on WPA. If you don't believe it, wait until you hear a wisecrack on the stage. It's always about a WPA ditchdigger whose shovel gives way and he falls into a heap because the termites have eaten the handle away and it's no good to lean on any more.

We go into most any large department store and if we ask for credit we don't get it if they find out we are on WPA. At the same time, they will cash our checks if we buy something.

We can't very easily even get a private job. Why? We are on WPA and are incapable of working. Yet they will hire some student (I live in a Middle-Western college town, so you know what I mean). They will hire this student at a few dollars a week just to save on overhead. Every year representatives from large Eastern manufacturers come to this town to interview college graduates for positions. Do they come to the National Employment Bureau, where we are all

registered? No; we are incapable, even though some of us *are* college graduates —only we graduated in 1932, when a job was something to dream about.

Mr. Macfadden tells us that good jobs go begging. But they're not for us outcasts, even though we've done monumental work all over the country.

Talk about men who have been in the penitentiary and served their terms and try to get a job when they get out! How about us?—*A WPA Worker.*

TIRESOME HOT NUMBER

PORTLAND, ORE.—The heroine in all of your serials is the same tiresome hot number that really is as pure as a lily and fights like a tiger for her honor, although she tears off her clothes at the slightest provocation and does everything in her power to arouse the passions of her male companions. They are all so monotonously the same that I think one writer cooks them up following a certain recipe of what he thinks the grade of intelligence is of his readers. Emerald Annie was the only exception.

If Liberty wants to print such trash, put it in a book by itself, and let's have the space that would be left by so doing filled with something we really want to read.

I like the short stories, the articles, and the crime pieces, but the continued stories are terrible.—*Mrs. William French.*

DOG AUTHORITY APPROVES TERM "PEDIGREED"

CHICAGO, ILL.—I am intensely interested in the discussion over the use of the word thoroughbred. This controversy has arisen in connection with your Dog Contest.

This reminds me that when Liberty was first born—in Chicago in 1924—I purchased for the owners 702 pedigreed puppies, which were given away as prizes in a Composite Dog Contest such as you are now conducting. This, by the way, was the world's largest purchase of pedigreed dogs.

Officially the term thoroughbred is never used in connection with dogs. Technically the word is a proper noun, to be used as the name of a certain breed of race horses, most commonly found in Kentucky and other Southern states.

What the dictionary says is not the final criterion. The dictionary is eclectic—it gives everything; it presents all possible uses, even many times presenting the incorrect usage, and so stating.

Accepted usage, particularly by regular organized associations, must be the final criterion. No dog club or association, no dog breeder, uses the term thoroughbred. The equivalent term in connection with dogs is pedigreed.

The term purebred is basic, however, for use in connection with all animals whose ancestry is of the same species on both sides for a certain number of generations, usually at least three.—*Captain Will Judy, Editor of Dog World.*

"WHEN GOOD JOBS GO BEGGING"

HOFFMAN, N. C.—Let me express my appreciation for the splendid and much needed editorials in Liberty. The one in September 4, When Good Jobs Go Begging, is of special importance at this time and is exactly as I've been seeing and thinking for some time.

I have been employing people for years, and it has never been as hard to get people to work as now. Pray tell me why this needless waste of government relief if prosperity is with us now, anyway?

Housekeepers tell me they can't get servants. Farmers tell me they can't get help. All the while relief goes on.—*Margaret Setzer.*

THE TWO TY'S COMPARED

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—"Ty Cobb was a good hitter in his day, but he never made the hit Ty Power has made on the diamond of the stars." Thus August 21 Liberty.

Tyrus Raymond Cobb of not distant bleacher memory remains the superlative "glint" in the diamond game's firmament—to American sport what a composite Arliss, Barrymore, Chaplin might be to moviedom, with the god Mercury and the devil themselves thrown in for good measure. With all deference to the personable Mr. Power, I think he is not quite all of that—yet.—*H. E. P.*

"HARDTACK"

By REAMER KELLER

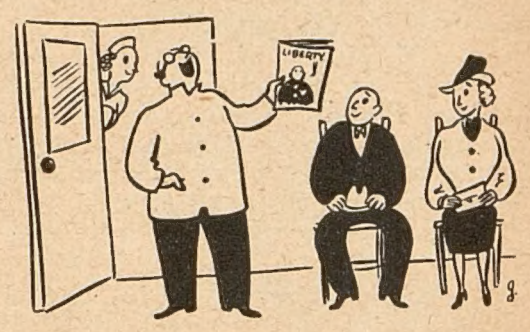
"I suppose the big scoop is still being repaired?"

DENTISTS DO LAUGH!

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Just a brief answer to C. S. Brown, D. D. S., who in September 4 Vox Pop was—my, oh my!—so burnt up over the Liberty cover for July 17—the policeman in the dental chair.

Well—I agree with the heading some one tacked over his letter, namely, Haven't Dentists a Sense of Humor?

I say they have. I happen to work for one who laughed a little louder and a



little longer at that picture than all the rest of us, and he's a good dentist, too!

So now, Mr. Brown, what's what?—*P. E. V. C.*

KEEPING NAZI HISTORY STRAIGHT

MIAMI, FLA.—Why Hitler Can't Sleep, by Rene Kraus (August 28 Liberty), contains two major mistakes.

The individual that your author mentioned, Manfred von Killinger, did not live in a small village under the strictest police supervision, but advanced after being pardoned by Hitler to a very high position in the Nazi government, and, against the wishes of the Foreign Department, was honored by the Führer himself.

Later he became the German consul general for California and is now in San Francisco.

The other major mistake is that the twenty-one-year-old Helmuth Hirsch was not sentenced and saved through the intervention of the American consul in Berlin. His death sentence was not commuted on account of the intervention of the American consul. On the contrary, his head was hacked off on the 4th of June, 1937. The American consul never got permission to see or talk to him.—*Albert W. Partak, Editor Florida's Deutsches Echo.*

BREAK FOR NEW AUTHORS

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Hats off and flags waving to your extremely fair policy of letting so many new authors have a break! Your magazine has the most fair-and-square editorial policy of any in the country.

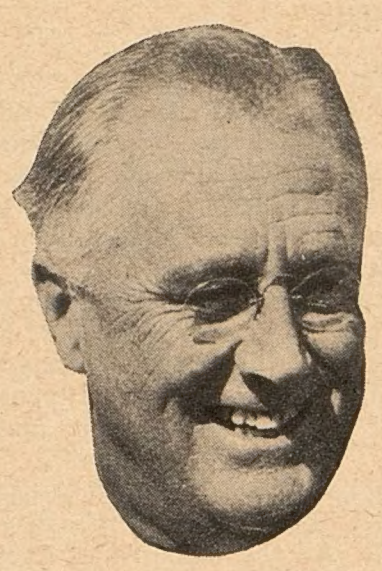
Your policy of admitting so many unknowns is one of the prime reasons why I read your magazine with such unsatiated interest.—*J. Henderson.*

How Popular Is Roosevelt Now?

LIBERTY'S LATEST POLL has just been completed, and some of the facts disclosed about popular feeling in the United States today are astonishing.

As in previous polls—which accurately forecast subsequent results—we have written to every newspaper editor in the United States for an honest summary of political conditions in the territory served by his paper.

Could Roosevelt be elected a third time? Who is the outstanding Republican leader today? These and other vital questions are answered by unmistakable majorities in the story of this poll to be published in Liberty next week.



☆

THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT abound in this new issue. From Spotlight for Two, a football story by Adela Rogers St. Johns, to Lord Strabolgi's engaging explanation of Why England Snubbed the Duchess of Windsor, the magazine is packed with timely and revealing material. Don't miss Chain Gang, an innocent man's story told for the first time; What the Escort Says, by Inez Haynes Irwin; So Red the Tape, by Fred Allhoff; Deep Six in the Mud, by Ray Millholland; and the challenging article by Will Irwin, Will Labor Seize the Balance of Power?

VICTORY LOOKS SURE for the anti-lynching bill when the new session of Congress gets under way. In this connection we have just received the following letter from Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People:

"In a long and difficult effort to secure action in the Seventy-fifth Congress on the anti-lynching bill, no factor was more important than the brilliant article, Savage America, appearing in Liberty of January 16, 1937, by the distinguished American writer Will Irwin. The incontrovertible facts so trenchantly presented by Mr. Irwin to the great public which Liberty reaches had a great effect in arousing America to the danger of unrestrained mob violence. As one of those who actively worked at Washington for consideration by the Congress of the federal anti-lynching bill, I want to pay this tribute to Liberty and to Mr. Irwin.

"As you know, we were unable to get action in the Senate, but the bill has been made a special order of business in the next session of the Senate and will be the second bill to be considered. With seventy-four of the ninety-six members of the Senate pledged to vote for the bill, the outlook is distinctly encouraging, provided there is no filibuster or legislative trickery."

☆

Thanks! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

—FULTON OURSLER.

☆

FOOLS IN LOVE, a recent Liberty article dealing with the progressive marriage laws in the State of Connecticut, brings the following good word from Dr. Stanley H. Osborn, State Commissioner of the Department of Health:

"More recent figures do throw a different light on the matter than Miss Light's article would indicate. An encouraging fact is that for the first seven months of this year the total of marriages was 4,644, as compared with the same period in 1936 when 3,787 marriages were recorded. This means there were more than 800 more marriages in Connecticut the first seven months this year than last year during the corresponding period. I mention these figures because of a statement on page 45 of the September 4 issue of Liberty which says, 'Connecticut is licensing fewer than it did in 1936.'

"It occurred to me that Alice Light might possibly be preparing a further article on the same general subject, as several states passed a blood-test law at recent legislative sessions—i. e., Michigan, Illinois, and New Hampshire—and others, like New Jersey and Oregon, are considering it. Indications are that, with this much legislative interest, there is probably a widespread general interest in the marriage law problem.

"The article in Liberty will undoubtedly further the interest of thinking people in this important procedure."

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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*Co-starring with Barbara Stanwyck in RKO's "A Love Like That"

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